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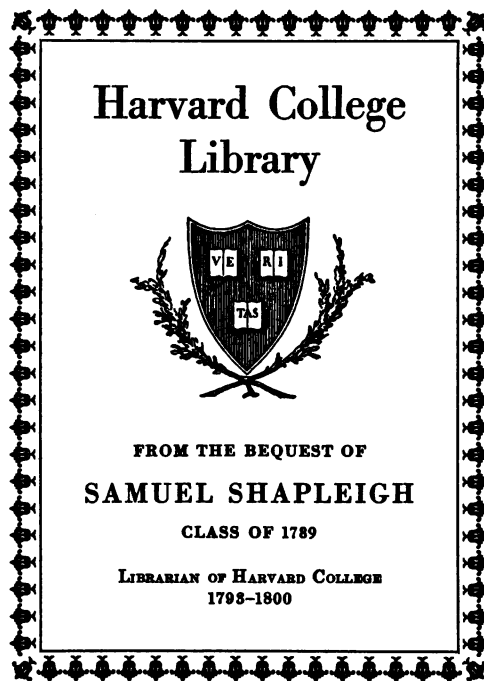
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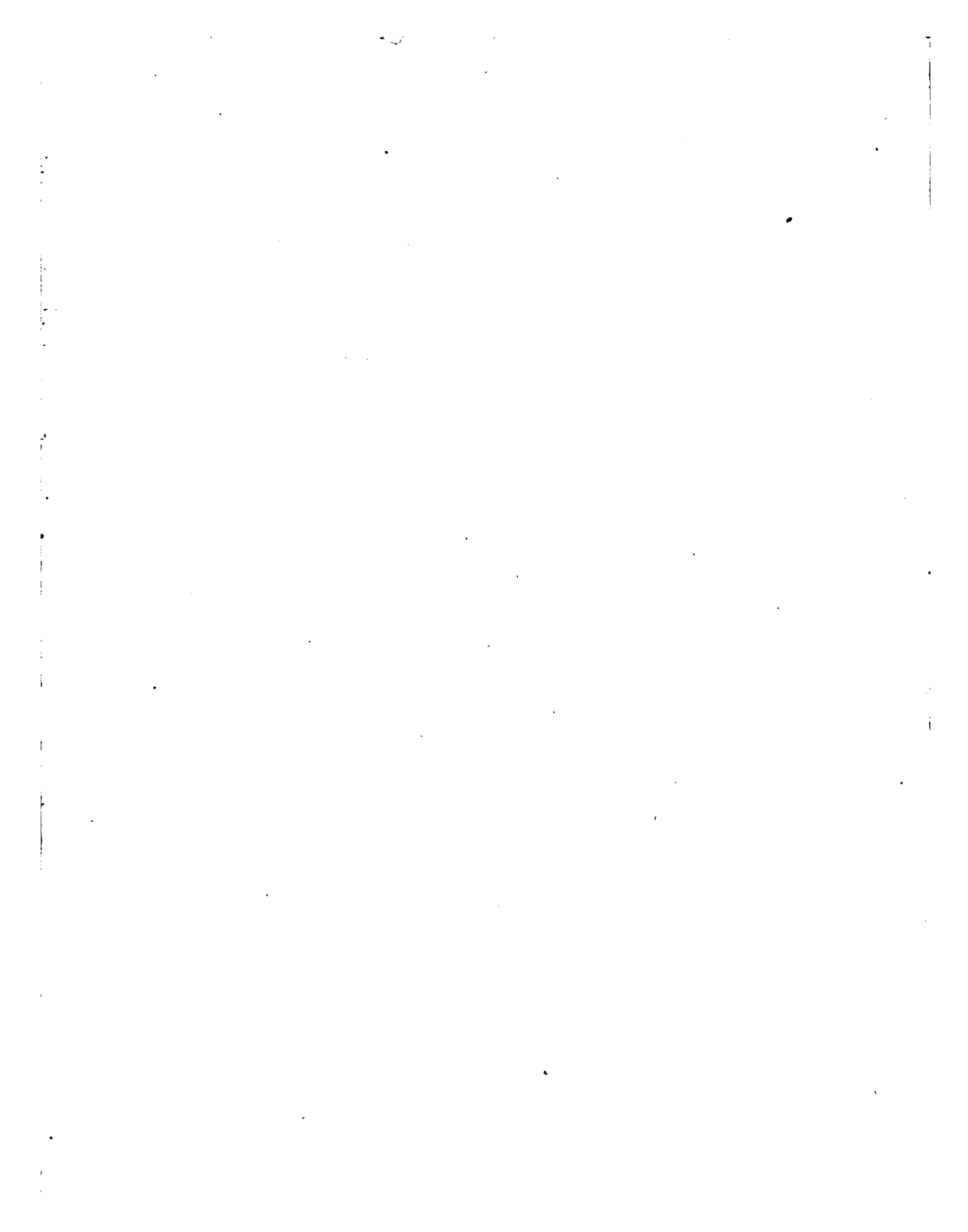
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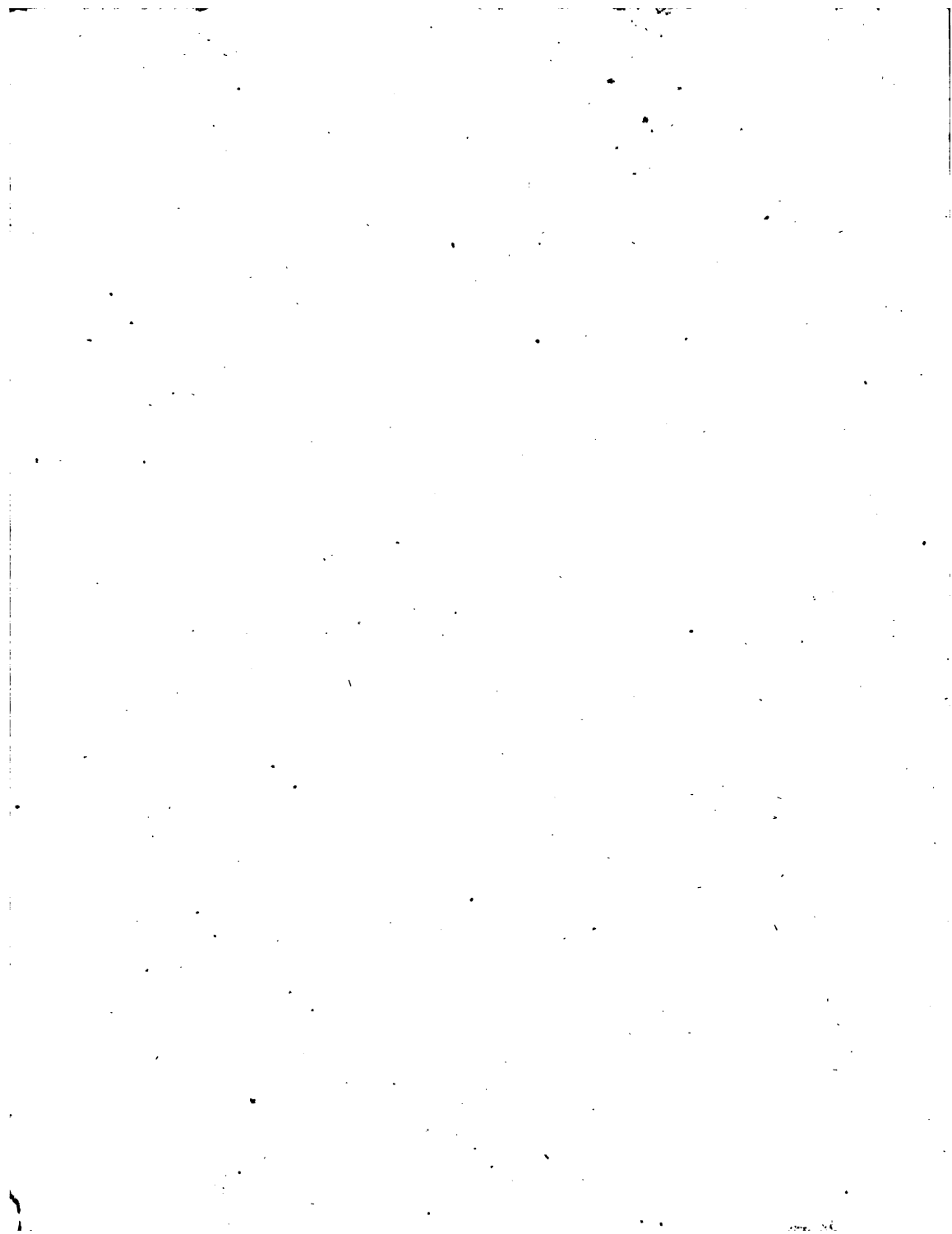
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N. 1

1 Confide fith y' synny's but for zone
2 for t'patt cause of redempcion
4 Sytt' mgy is yn y' fader's possessyon
17 I bade y' aske for g'oo I woulde
21 Vnkynde v' arte ma me to d'eff'ne
23 myse y' on fote weep ful noy g'oo
35 Git is ful d'wot to suffe p'dyne
42 for onys dyng' mgy go gotte g'y' g'oo
69 At pondyng off thy y'gnyf'ness

N. 2

A treatise entytuled the treasure
of a good mynde: familiarlie
written to a frinde by
Ry. Denys esqyvor:

My frinde

54.2.64
40 68
46

©

Pieces of Ancient Poetry,

FROM

UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS

AND

SCARCE BOOKS.

Edited by "N. Y." i.e. John Fry.

Bristol, 1814.

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1857, Feb. 27.

11/

Shapleigh Fund.

Printed by John Evans & Co.
St. John-Street, Bristol.

TO MY FRIEND

ARTHUR BIGGS,

WHOSE ATTACHMENT TO

EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE,

LED HIM TO SUGGEST

THE PUBLICATION

OF THIS VOLUME,

IT IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

*h.
() J. C. Pry of Bristol?*

PREFACE.

Some Books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to
be chewed and digested. BACON.

MOST of the poetical compositions contained in the ensuing pages have lain by the editor for some years ; and unto accident alone must their appearance be imputed. Whether they will be esteemed worthy of revival or of the regard of those unto whom the volume may pass, are questions on which no opinion is offered : sufficient be it to observe that they seemed, in the judgement of some literary friends, very amply to merit preservation ; and in accordance with their sentiments, the present limited¹ impression is submitted to the readers of our early literature.

The work is arranged thus.

I. Those pieces which are extracted from the quarto

¹ Ninety-six copies only are taken off, which with six upon blue paper, make one hundred and two. The fac-simile plate is to be inserted before the title page.

and unpublished² manuscript described in the introductory paragraph to this section.

II. Poems collected from miscellaneous manuscripts of various dates.

III. Selections from old and scarce volumes, which seemed deserving of more extended notice.

The hasty and excursive notes that are added to the volume do not prefer any pretensions to an enlarged archaical knowledge: they are the observations which occurred whilst the editor corrected the preceding sheets, being neither the product of much labour, or of much time; and he trusts that they will not be judged of by any severe test of criticism. It is, perhaps, the more necessary to urge this plea, since he was some time ago subjected to malevolent aspersion, in consequence of having, in a fit of youthful enthusiasm, when scarcely eighteen years old, independent of controul and without a friendly adviser to check an aspiring mind, foolishly (it can scarcely merit a harsher appellative, although a harsher was most liberally

²This expression must doubtless be understood in a restricted sense. It does appear that some of the poems contained in this manuscript have been already printed; but the enquiries of the editor induce him to believe that the major part is unpublished.

applied³) and injudiciously sent to the press two small works, containing productions of our early poets, full, and the admission is made with perfect sincerity, of errors and weaknesses, which his inexperience failed in assisting him *then* to discover. That he now regrets this premature appearance it is unnecessary to add; and to the liberal, and candid, and feeling mind, he has said enough.

The only acknowledgement for literary assistance is due to Francis Freeling, Esquire; who gratified the editor with the loan of several valuable volumes of uncommon occurrence, and the obligation was greatly enhanced by the kindness accompanying it.

KINGSDOWNE, August 22, 1814.

N. Y.

³ It is very unlikely that the present work (from the nature of its publication, and from all the copies having been long since sold) will meet the eye of any of our Reviewers: it is therefore very remote from any idea of extorting favour, that the editor acknowledges the kindness of the Monthly Reviewer, and of the British Critic. The former of whom pointed out the defects of one of the books alluded to in the text, with a spirit of reprehension so gentlemanly and candid, as could not fail of enforcing conviction. It is very grateful to the editor's feelings, that he can avail himself of this opportunity of contrasting liberal criticism with spiteful malignity.

THE genius which has been successfully exerted in contributing to the instruction or amusement of society, in even the rudest times, seems to have some claim upon its gratitude for protection in more-enlightened ones. It is a superannuated domestic, whose passed services entitle his old age to a comfortable provision and retreat; or rather, indeed, a humble friend, whose attachment in adverse circumstances demands the warm and grateful acknowledgements of prosperity.

RITSON.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

THE FIRST SECTION.

THE poems which form this division of the present volume were carefully transcribed by the Editor, about four years since, from a small quarto, but imperfect, manuscript (apparently *written* during the early part of the reign of the second Charles, though its contents are for the most part Elizabethan) of 116 pages, commencing on the recto of folio 4, and ending on the reverse of folio 61. It is, perhaps, some trifling subject of regret to the editor, that a portion of the contents should have been already published; such are, a few of Drayton's Heroical Epistles, the 'rapture' of Carew, those justly celebrated lines, 'My minde to me a kingdome is,' a poem by Dr. Donne, with several little Madrigals* which have appeared in the collections of Wilbye, Bateson, Byrd, Alison, &c. printed in the maiden reign. These latter, as they well merit revival, from forming such agreeable specimens of the versification of the age in which they were composed, and as withal they are preserved in books that from their rarity are inaccessible except to a very few fortunate possessors, I have thought proper to retain. The others, from their being known to every poetical reader, are rejected.

Our elder writers were not very scrupulous of using obscene and licentious allusion and expression in their compositions: they did not content themselves with simply unfolding Nature, but it was done with a grossness and indelicacy that admitted of no excuse. A number of

* A few of these (and as they were but a few, I have chosen to reprint them) have been extracted by that elegant critic in early literature, Mr. Haslewood, for insertion in the *Censura Literaria*, a work which is now scarcely ever to be met with complete.

pieces which this manuscript volume contained have been from this cause necessarily omitted. There are cases in which an editor, while he laments the prevalence of such offensive matter, is compelled, reluctantly indeed, to preserve the text unimpaired: numerous instances of this kind occur in Chaucer. On the present occasion, however, where these objectionable passages existed in distinct and unconnected poems, there was evidently but one method to adopt, total rejection. In two instances only, this strictness of exclusion has been departed from. The editor fully explains his motives in the attached notes.

In conclusion it must be observed that the greatest attention is given to the accuracy of those pieces which have been selected: they are printed in as exact a state as possible from the editor's transcript, excepting that the punctuation is corrected throughout.

CHANGE thy minde sith she doth change,
 Let not fancy still abuse thee,
 Thy untruth can not seeme strainge
 Since her falshehood doth excuse thee;
 Loue is dead, but thou art free;
 She doth liue, but dead to thee.

When she loued best awhile,
 Se how she hath still delayde yee,
 Vsinge shewes for to beguile
 Those vaine hopes, w^{ch} haue betrayed yee;
 Now thou seest, although to late,
 Loue loues truth, w^{ch} weomen hate.

Loue noe more since she is gone,
 She is gone & loues another,
 Being thus deceaued by one,
 Craue her loue, but loue none other;
 She was falce, bid love adew,
 She was best, but yet untrew.

Loue farewell ! more deare to me
Then the life that thou preseruest ;
Life thy Joyes are fled from thee,
Another hath what thou deseruest ;
 Oh thy death doth springe from thence,
 Thou must dye for her offence.

Dye ! but yet before thou diest,
Let her know what she hath gotten,
She in whome thy hopes leade life,
Chainged now is quite forgotten ;
 She hath changed, her chance is base
 Desire in soe vilde a place.

AND would you faine y^e reason know
Why my sad eyes soe often flow ?
My hearte ebes joy when they doe soe,
And Loue, the moone by whome they goe.

And will you aske why payle I looke ?
Tis not with poring on a booke,
My Mistres' cheekes my bloode hath tooke,
For her mine owne haue me forsooke.

Doe not demand why I am mute,
Loues silence doth all speach confute,
They sit, they note that tune the Lute :
Fales from there thoughts there tonges they shute

Doe not admire why I admire,
My feruence is anothers fire,
Each seauerall hath his desire,
Each prooffe is false, & truths a lier.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

If why I loued you would see y^e cause,
 Loue should have for me like other lawes ;
 For fancy pleades not by the cause,
 Tis as y^e Sea still ebes & flowes.

Noe fault vpon my Loue espie,
 For you percieue not with your eye
 My medlers to your tast may lie,
 Yet please itselfe deliciously.

Let then my sufference be my owne,
 Sufficeth it these reasons showne,
 Reason and loue is euer knowne
 To fight still, but be ouerthrowne.

ALAS ! what hope of speding
 When hope beguild lies bleding ?
 She bad come when she spied me,
 And when I came, she fied me :
 Thus when I was beguiled,
 She at my sighing smiled.
 But if you take such pleasure,
 Of Hope and Joy my treasure
 By deceit to bereaue me ;
 Loue me and so deceaue me.

LADIE ! when I behould y^e roses sprouting,
 Which clad in damaske clad the Arbours ;
 And then beholde your lipps, where sweete loue harbours ;
 My eyes presents me wth a double doubting,
 For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes,
 Whether y^e Roses be y^e lips, or your lips the Roses.

Poems of Ancient Poetry.

5

WHEN first I saw thee thou didst play
The gentill Theife, & stolst my hart away;
Render't againe, or else sende me thine owne,
Two is to much for thee when I have none;
Which if thou dost not, I will sweare y^e art
A sweete fac't Creature with a double heart.

Upon a Mother and her Sonne havinge each of y^m but one eye.

AN one ey'd boy borne of a halfe blinde mother,
Unmatched in beauty savinge each to other;
Sende her thy eye, faire boy, & she shall prove
The queene of beauty, thou the God of Love.

Upon a Scould.

HER body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave doth hide her;
As for her soule tis not in hell,
Y^e diuell could neuer abide her;
I rather thinke she's soar'd aloft,
For in a crack of thunder,
Methought I heard her voyce not soft,
Tearing y^e clouds asunder.

On a Maide that dyed for love.

GOD periured man, & if thou ere returne
To view thes last remainder of my vrne,
And laughst & spurnst at my religious dust,
And saist wheres now the color, forme, & trust
Of weomens beauty, & perhaps wth rude
Hands riflest the flowers wth the virgins strewde:

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Know I have prayd to pittie that some winde
May raise my ashes vp, & strike thee blinde.

Is LOUE a boy? what meanes he then to strike?
Or is he blinde? why will he be a guide?
Is he a man? why doth he hurt his like?
Is he a God? why doth he men deride?

Noe one of thesse, but one compact of all,
A willfull boy, a man still dealing blows,
Of purpose blinde to leade mē to there thrall,
A God that rules vnruely, God he knowes.

Boy! pittie me, that am a child againe;
Blinde be no more my guide to make me stray;
Man vse thy might to force away my paine;
God doe me good, & leade me to the way;
And if thou beist a power to me unknowne,
Power of my life, let heare thy grace be showne.

By Tho: Watson.

PALE Iealousie, child of insinuate love,
Of heartesicke thoughts wth Melancholy bred;
O hell-tormenting feare! noe faith can move;
By discontent wth deadly poyson fed,
Wth heedelesse youth & error vainely led;
A mortall plague, a vertue-drowning flood,
A hellish fier, not quenched but wth blood.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

7

On a Womans faith.

CATCH at a starr thats falling from y^e skye;
Make an Imortall creature feare to dye;
Stopp wth thy hand the current of the seas;
Passe through y^e Center to y^e Antipodes;
Teach profound Solomon to taue a jigg;
Poyson y^e Devill wth a Spanish figg;
Weigh me an ounce of flame; repell y^e winde;
Then maist thou find truth in a womans minde.

FEARE is more paine then is y^e paine it feares,
Disarming humane minds of natures might,
Where each conceite an vgly figure beares,
W^{ch} were not evill well vew'd in reasons sight.

TYME takes our lives, & post to death doth runn,
Deathe meetes with tyme, & soe our dayes are dunn.

THOUGHT w^{ch} art fed from thy sweete Fancies eyes
Wth lookes of love, thy lyfe and deere delight,
Delight from whence new thoughts doe daily rise,
Thoughts w^{ch} doe breed new fancy more of might.

How can it be y^e either tyme or place,
You Boreas twinns, & both coheires of love,
Can separte each out of thothers grace,
Sith it was so ordeynd by powers above.

Sith it was soe ordeynd by powers above,
Y^t Fancye euer life to Thought should give,

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

& ty'de their being in such p̄fect love,
 As Thought once dead, then Fancye cannot live ;
 Why then art thou sweete Fancye soe vnkinde ?
 To kill thy Thought, & soe thy deathe to finde.

LOVELY her lookes who my faire Fancye is,
 Fancye soe named by her sweete consent,
 & she to breede in me the like content,
 Named me her Thought & thought me not amisse.

Then I her thought w^{ch} cannot thinke amisse,
 & if I should not speake as well as thinke,
 Filled wth her praises to y^e very brinke,
 I wretch vnworthy where such heavenly blisse.

She is on earth, y^e fairest, & y^e best,
 Y^e wisest, & y^e kindest little elfe,
 In Love fitt for y^e God of love himselfe ;
 & one thinge more w^{ch} betters all y^e rest,
 This miracle is on her forehead wrought,
 She loves but one, & will not chaunge her Thought.

THE Ayre wth sweetes my sences doth delight ;
 The Earth wth flowres doth glad my heaue eye ;
 The fire wth warmth revives my dying spright ;
 Water cooles y^t w^{ch} is to hott & dry ;
 The ayre, y^e earth, y^e water, & y^e fire,
 All doe me good, what can I more desire ?

O-noe ! y^e Ayre infected I doe finde ;
 Y^e Earths faire flowres doe wither & decay ;

SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE.

9

Y^e Fire soe hot inflames y^e frozen minde;
& Water washeth white & all awaye;
Thus Ayre, Earth, fire, & water dothe annoy me:
How can it be then but they must destroy me?

Sweete Ayre! doe yet awhile thy swetenes hold;
& Earth! let not thy flowres fall in prime;
Fire! doe not burne, my heart is not acold;
Water! dry vp vntill another tyme;

O Ayre, Earth, fire, & water! heare my prayer;
Or slay me now, fire, water, earth, or ayre.

Loe in y^e Ayre how deadly thunder threatneth;
See on y^e Earth how euery flower fayleth;
& wth y^e fire how euery senew sweateth;
& how y^e water panting hearts appealeth;
Thus Ayre, Earth, fire, & water all doth grieve me,
Heavens! show y^{or} power yet somewhat to relive me.

This is not Ayre y^t euery creature fedeth;
Nor this is earth where euery flower groweth;
Nor this is fire y^t flame & fury breedeth;
Nor this y^e water y^t both ebbes & flowes;
These Elements are wthin a world inclosed,
Those where my hearte most heavenly rest reposed.

Love makes me loath my lyfe;
Yet doe I live by love;
Thus lyfe brings death,
& death brings lyfe;
Both this & that I prove.

I sigh & sing for joy;
I laugh in paine to lye;

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Thus mirth is moane,
& moane is mirth,
Twixt both I live and dye:

My coulour shews my care,
My care doth worke my paine,
My paine my grief,
My grief my death,
My death my endlesse gaine.

In vaine is beautyes blast,
If beauty want her meede,
The blosome fruit,
The herbe his flower,
The flower wthout his seede.

My youth doth shew my yeares,
My yeares should shew my joy,
I hast to wedd,
I have noe will,
I stoope yet am I coy.

Though outward face doth shew
Mine inward heart not paynd,
Yet doth my heart
Feele torments greate,
& know my face is faind.

Sith soe it is I sigh,
& to myselfe I singe,
High hoe my hearte,
High hoe, alas!
Love is a cruell thing.

Verses w^{ch} my Lord Audley, earle of Castlehaven, sente to his Wife.

I NEEDE noe trophies to adorne my hearse,
My wife exalts my horne in every verse,
And plac'd them hath soe full vpon my tombe,
That for my armes there is no vacant roome;
Who will take such a Countess to his bead,
That first gives hornes, and then cuts of his head?

Her Answer.

ITS true you neede noe trophies to y^{or} hearse,
Your life being odious, & below all verse;
Nor wast it your wife who came chaste to y^{or} bead
That did horne you, y^{or} owne hands hornes y^{or} head;
Twas fit y^{or} head should off, as all men conster
That y^a y^t liued soe, shoulde dye a monster.

CHANGE me, O Heavens! into y^e Ruby stone,
That on my love's faire lockes doth hange in gold;
Yet leave me speache to her to make my moane,
And giue me eyes her beauties to behould;
Or if thou wilt not make my flesh a stone,
Make her hard harte seme fleshe, y^t now semes none.

AYE me! can every rumour,
Thus starte my Ladies humor?
Name ye some Gallant to her,
Why straight forsooth I wooe her;
Then burst she forth in passion,
You men love but for fashion;

Reveries of Ancient Poetry.

Yet sure I am y^t noe man
 Euer so lou'd a woeman ;
 Yet, alas ! Love, be warye,
 For woemen be contrarye.

DEAR Pitty how, ah ! how wouldst thou become her,
 That best becometh beauties best attiring !
 Shall my desert deserue noe favour from her,
 But still to wast myselfe in deepe admiringe,
 Like him that cales to Eccho to releue him,
 Still teles & heares y^t Tale, ok ! tale y^t greues him.

YE restles thoughts that harbour discontent,
 Cease your assaults, & let my hearte lament,
 And let my tongue have leaue to tell my griefe,
 That she may pitty though not graunte reliefe !
 Pitty woulde helpe, (alas !) what love hath slaine,
 And salue the wound y^t festred this disdaine.

ALL is heauen w^{ch} you behould,
 And all your thoughts are blessed ;
 But noe springe can wante his fall,
 Each Troylus hath his Cresed.

Thy well ordred lockes are longe,
 Well rudely hange neglected ;
 And thy liuely pleasent cheare,
 Paile greife on earth deieted.

Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint,
 That made thy heart so holy,

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

13

And wth sighes confesse in love
Y^t to much faith is folly.

Yet be just and constant still,
Time may beget a wonder,
Not unlike a Summers frost,
Or Winters fattall thunder.

He y^t houldes his sweete heart true
Vntoe y^e day of dying,
Lives y^e best that euer breath'd,
Most worthey of enioying.

Fye on this fauning, and Love without desire,
Heate still remaining, & yet noe sparke of fire!
Thou arte untrue, nor wearte wth fancye moued,
For desire hath power on all y^t ever loued.

Shew some relentinge, or grante thou dost not love,
Tow hearts consenting, will they not constant prove?
Yeele, or confesse that weomens words are fained,
And that beautie smiles on th' obiect most disdained.

Trust is not placed in words & forced smiles,
Love is not graced wth that w^{ch} most beguiles;
Love or dislike yeelede fire or giue no fuell,
So thou mayst proue true, or at least lesse cruell.

Adieu, sweet Amarilis!
For since to part your will is,
Oh heaueie tyding!
Here is for me noe byding;

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Yet once againe ere y^t I parte wth you,
 Amarilis, Amarilis,
 Sweete, adeu! adeu!

I LIVE, & yet methinkes I doe not breath;
 I thirst & drinke, I drinke & thirst againe;
 I sleepe, & yet I dreame, I dreame & wake;
 I hop for that I have, I have & wante;
 I sing & sigh, I love & hate at once;
 O tell me, restlesse Soule! what uncouth iarr
 Doth cause such wante in store, in peace such warr?

On a still-born Child.

Sepae pater doluit.

I WILL not quarrell wth heaven, nor curses raise
 Gainst planetary or birth criticle dayes,
 Nor the three fatall sisters cutworke ban,
 Vpon whose threads depends the breath of man;
 What in the leaves of destany is writ
 I will obey, but neuer question it,
 Children are jewles w^{ch} wee when heauen doth take
 Must loue the casket for the jewles sake;
 How did I courte my hopes, & often smiled
 With expectacon of a boy, a child
 That might write man before ould age would show
 Vpon his fathers head a crowne of snow!
 When thus my thoughts did pride it, in the meane
 Deathe played the Chorus, & did chainge the sceane;
 When nightly lodg'd by my sheete partner's side,
 And sleepe inhumed gives our sences tyed,

How little dreamed I that her frutefull wombe
 Was, to a liuelesse corpes, a liuing tombe!
 How little thought, I little thought indeed,
 Base wormes on so sweete fleshe so sone shoulde fede;
 Thus new sprung roses in there maiden buds
 Are nipt by frost; thus in y^e dauncing floods,
 When many a tall ship rides, a sudaine blast
 Strikes of the brauest topsaile from the mast;
 And thus to lose what we so long desired,
 Was like a towne at once both wone & fired;
 But, Passion, cease to comment, or to singe
 More Epicediums on my Infanting;
 For Epitaph this only shal be read,
 Here lyes the Babe was borne & buried.

W. H.

An Epigram.

NICKE y^e weavers boy is dead & gone,
 Surely his life was but a thrume.

LORD, who createdst man in welth & store,
 Though foolesshly he lost the same,
 Decaying more and more,
 Till he became
 Most poore!
 With thee
 O let me rise,
 As larkes harmoniously,
 And singe this day thy victoryes;
 Then shall the fall fvrtther the flyte in me.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

I ~~die~~ to live, I live to dye,
In hope to live eternally.

My tender age in sorow did begin,
And still wth sicknesses & shame,
Thou didst so punish me,
That I became
Most thinne;
With thee,
Let me combine,
And feele this day thy victory;
For if I impe my wings on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

Vpon his Mistress walking in a Snow.

I sawe faire Chloris walke alone
When fethered raine came softly downe,
And Iove descending from his towre,
Did courte her in a silver showrè;
The wanton snow flue on her brest
As little birds into theire nest,
But overcome with whitenesse there,
For griefe did thaw into a teare;
Whence falling to her garment hem
To decke her, frose into a gem.

Vpon his M^{rs} Picture.

SITTING & redy to be drawne,
What neede these velvets, silkes, or lawne,

Embroidery, fethers, fringe, & lace,
 Wher every limme takes like a face?
 Lende those suspected helps to ayde
 Some forme defective or decayed:
 This beauty is soe lasting faire,
 Nought needes to clothe it but the ayre;
 Yet something to the Painters view
 Were fittly interposed; but now
 He shall, if he can vnderstand,
 Worke wth my fancie his owne hand;
 Draw first a cloude, all but her necke,
 And out of that make day to breake,
 Till like her face, it doth appear
 That men might thinke all light rose there;
 Then let the beames of that disperse
 The Cloude, & shew the vniverse,
 But at such distance as the eye
 May rather yet adore than spye;
 The Heavens designde, draw next a springe
 Wth all that youth or fates can bringe;
 Foure Riveres branching out like Seas,
 And Paradise confirming these;
 Last draw the circkles of the Globe,
 And let there be a starry Robe
 Of Constlelaçons boutte her hurld;
 So thou hast painted beauties world.

Vpon a blacke maide wooing a faire boy.

THOU fairest boy, why flyst thou me?
 Since languish selfe would flame for thee!

I am black that's true, soes night,
 And love doth in darke shade delight;
 The whole world, doe but close thyne eye,
 Will seeme to be as blacke as I;
 Or looke, & vew what a black shade
 Is by thyne owne faire body made.

WHEN those sunkelike eyes but turne
 On me, as y^e darker Sun
 Doth his neare borne Indian burne,
 Soe I fare, soe am undone;
 Turne away those beamy rayes!
 Thou but alterest misery,
 Adding nightes where thou mad'st dayes,
 Soe a Russian death I dye;
 Is there noe meane in those eyes:
 Must they burne or must they freze?

Open that sweete roseat cave
 Where those breezes keep there nest;
 By y^t meanes y^{or} sunburnt slave
 Midst his flame may feelee noe heate;
 Or when he y^e shall kisse,
 Round impaled wth hills of snow,
 Let him feelee y^e Tropicks blisse,
 If y^t winde shoulde gently blow:
 Sweetest! you by this device
 May coole my heate & thaw my ice.

A Censure.

WHY slyghtst thou her whome I approve ?
Thou art no iudge to trye my love,
Nor canst deserne where her forme lyes,
Vnlesse thou sawest her with my eyes ;
Say she was foule or blacker then
The night, or sunburnt african ;
If lov'd by me, tis I alone
Can make a beauty where is none,
For rated in my fancye, she
I soe as she appeares to me ;
But tis not feature or a face,
That doth my free elecon grace ;
Nor is my fancy only led,
By a well tempered white & red :
Could I enamord grow on those,
The Lyly & the blushing Rose,
Vnited in one stock, should be
More deare unto my thoughts then she ;
But I looke further, & doe finde
A richer Jewell in her minde,
Where somethinge is soe lasting faire
As age or arte cannot impaire :
Hadst thou a prospective soe cleare,
Thereby to se my obiect there,
And then her vertewes shouldst espie,
They'd force thee to confesse, y^t I
Had cause to love her ; & learne thence
To love by Iudgment, not by sence.

A FRIEND should like a Chimney be,
Warne in y^e Winter of Aduersitie.

On a Gentlewoman not marriageable.

WHY should passion leade thee blinde
Cause thy Lydia proves vnkinde ?
She's yet to younge to know delight,
And is not plum'd for Cupid's flight;
She cañot yet in height of pleasure
Answer love wth equall measure,
But like a rose new blowne doth feede
The dye alone, but yelds no seede;
Autume will shortly come & greet her,
Making her tast and coulour sweeter;
And then her ripeness will be such
That she will fall, euen wth a tuch;
She but beinge in her springe,
Cannot love, till Cupid bringe
A hotter season wth his fier,
Which may ripen her desire.

WHEN first I loved, I would it had bine never,
Nay, rather wish I that it might be euer;
I felte a certaine mocon in my brest,
But knew not how or where withall possesse;
In thinges vnknowne there is but shorte contente,
And Joyes conceited only, soon are spente;
Licke to a pleasunt dreame when one awakes,
The pleasers vanish wth the fancy makes:
Still did I wonder in a silent pause,
What my delight was, & from whence y^e cause;

At last I found twas beauty y^t did move
 Desier inflamed, to burne my hearte with love ;
 Beauty, y^e attractive loadstone of affeōns,
 Made way in myne t' admire her high perfeōns
 Whose I am, & will be untill death.
 Cutt off the strings of vitall breath.

To y^e tune of ' Whoope! doe me noe harme, good man.'

THERE was an old lad
 Rode on an old pad,
 Vnto an old punke, a wooing ;
 He layed this old punke
 Vpon an old trunke,
 And there was good old doing.

There was an odde maide,
 Scarce sweete, as they sayde,
 In a place y^t I dare not mencon ;
 She in an odde humer,
 Lay wth a perfumer,
 O there was an odde invencon !

This punke & this maide,
 They sunge & they saide
 That marriage is but a servility ;
 If marrye we must,
 For chaunge of o' lust,
 O well faire a trick of agility !

There was a good Earle
 Had gott a young girle,
 His wimble did peirce her flanke ;

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

His nagge was made able
 By chaunge of his stable;
 O there was a brave quoad hano!

This maide inspected;
 But fraude interiected
 A maide of more perfecon:
 The Midwives did her handle,
 While y^e Kn^t held y^e candle;
 O there was a clere inspecon!

Now foraine writers
 Speake ill of theise miters,
 That allow of such virginity:
 They speake of eiection
 & want of corecon;
 O there was some divinity!

There was a younge Lord
 Y^t assumed, on his word,
 To be a Parlement-maker;
 But see how things alter!
 He assumed a halter;
 O there was a fine undertaker!

He had a sweete freind
 Whome he did recomend
 To the keeping of sweete S^r Jervice:
 They gave him a glister
 Made his belly to blister;
 O there was a sweete piece of service!

This friend had denied
 & could not abide
 A match that he saide would shame us;

But this little Matron
Would needes have this patron,
A Patron of Ignoramus.

Now Weton, & Herne,
& Turner, doe burne,
And say these things are but fraudes;
They may say their pleasure;
We thinke it hard measure,
O Knaves! O Punks! O Baudes!

To the tune of ' You Ladies of y^e Courte.'

PANDERS! come away;
Bring y^{or} Punks, by clusters,
Alonge y^e ditch by Grayes,
Where Cupid cales his musters
Night and day.

Wenches! doe you heare?
He tell you noe fable:
You y^t do occupie,
& be not warantable,
Heele casher e.

Little alive is founde
7 Yeares to be a trader:
Tom Taud, heele be bound
Who are they say has paid her,
In her purse.

Gardener's neere the worse,
* * * * *
As condon as the burse,
For she hath still the mony
In her purse.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

True it is y^t Cab
 For yeares may be a virgine;
 Yet Cupid findes her drab
 All redy nedes a Surgeon.
 For the Soalle.

Citty-Wives; they say,
 May ocupie by Charter;
 And, Cupid! graunte they may
 Soe ware for barter,
 Without paye.

But because y^t you
 Will not allowe this order,
 To Morefields se you come,
 Wth y^{or} Maior, & y^{or} Recorder,
 With a drume.

Of vertuous Love myselfe can boast alone,
 Sith noe suspect my service may attaint;
 For perfect faire is shee, y^e onely one
 Whome I esteeme for my beloued Saint:
 Thus for my faith I onely beare y^e bell;
 & for her faire, shee only doth excell.

Then let fond Petrarch sound his Laura's praise,
 & Tasso cease to publish his effect,
 Sith mines y^e faith confirm'd at all assayes,
 & hers y^e faire wth all men doe respect:
 My lynes her faire, her faith my faith assures;
 Thus I by loue, and loue by me endures.

THERE was a tyme when sillie Bees could speake,
 & at y^t time I was a silly Bee
 Who fed on tyme vntill my hearte did breake,
 Yet neuer found y^t tyme would fauor me :
 Of all y^e swarme, I only could not thrive,
 Yet brought I waxe & huny to y^e hiue.

Then thus I buz'd when tyme noe sapp would give,
 Why is this blessed tyme to me soe drye
 Sith in this tyme y^e lazie droane doth live,
 Y^e waspe, y^e worme, y^e gnatt, y^e Butterflie?
 Mated wth greife, I kneeled on my knees,
 & thus complayned to y^e Kinge of Bees.

God graunte, my Leige ! y^e tyme may neuer end,
 & yet vouchsafe to heare my plaint of tyme,
 Sith euery fruitlesse fly hath found a freind,
 & I cast downe when Attomies doth climbe.

Y^e Kinge replied but thus, peace peevish Bee !
 Thou art not made to serve y^e tyme, y^e tyme not thee.

The tyme not thee ! this word clipt short my wings,
 & made me wormelike creep w^{ch} erst did fly :
 Awfull regard disputeth not wth Kings,
 Receiveth a repulse, not asketh why ;

Then from y^t tyme a tyme I me wthdrew,
 To feede on henbaine, hemlock, nettles, rue.

When all the swarme in sunshine tast y^e rose,
 On black fearn-rutes I seeke & suck my baine ;
 Whilst on y^e Eglantine y^e rest repose,
 To light on wormewood leaves they me constraine.
 Having too much, they still repine for more,
 & cloy'd wth sweetenes, surfet on their store.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Swolne fatt wth feasts, full merely they passe
 Their tyme in clusters, feeding on a tree;
 & finding me to nible on y^e grasse,
 Some muse, some scorne, & some doe pittie me;
 Some envy me, & whisper to their Kinge,
 Some must be still, & some must have noe stinge.

Are Bees w^{axt} waspes, & spullers to effect?
 Doe huny bowells make y^e spirits gall?
 Is this y^e juce of flowers, to breede suspect?
 Is't not enough to tread on them y^t fall?
 What stinge hath Patience but a stinging greife,
 Y^t stinges naught but itselfe wthout releife?

Sad Patience, y^t attendeth at y^e dore
 & teacheth wise men, thus concludes in Schooles:
 Patience I am, therefore I must be poore;
 Fortune bestowes her riches most on fooles.
 Greate Kinge of Bees, w^{ch} rightest euery wronge!
 Listen to Patience in her dying Song.

I canot feede on fenell, like some flies,
 Nor fly to euery flowre to gather gaine:
 My apitite waights on my praices eyes,
 Contented wth contempte & pleasde wth paine,
 & yet expecting for a happy houre,
 To be soe blessed but to suck one flower.

Of all y^e greifes y^t doe my patience grate,
 Thers one y^t freetteth in y^e highst degree,
 To see some Caterpilowes bread of late,
 Cropping y^e flowers y^t should sustaine y^e Bee.
 Yet smiled I; for why, y^e wisest knowes
 Mothes eate y^e Clothe, Cankers consumes y^e Rose.

Once did I see by flying in the feild,
Foule beasts to brouse vpon the Lillies faire;
Vertue nor beauty could noe succor yeld,
Alls provinder for Asses but y^e ayre:
The partiall world of this takes little heede,
To give them flowres y^t should on thistles feede.

Thus I alone must draine y^e Egiptian flowers,
Finding noe savor, bitter sap they have;
& seekes out rotten tombes of dead mens bones;
& feede on Lathes growing by y^e grave.
If this I cannot have, as haplesse Bee,
Wished Tobacco! I will fly to thee.

What though I dye my Longs in deepest blacke?
A mournefull habitt sute a sable hearte.
What if thy fumes sound Memory doe cracke?
Forgetfullnesse is fittest for my smarte.
O vertuous Fame! let it be carv'd in oake,
Y^t hopes, thoughts, words, & all the world is smoake.

Five yeares twise tould, wth promises perfumed,
My hope-stuff head was cast into a slumber;
Sweete dreames of gould on dreames I then perfum'd,
Amongst the best though I had bine in number;
But waking found Lusts, hopes, & all were vain!
'Twas not Tobacco stupified my braine.

THE foolish fish y^t bites at euery bate,
& lights at last vpon y^e hidden hooke,
If she escape & shun y^e first deceit,
In euery bate for like will cuer looke,
& soe makes sure by wary watchfull eye,
To swim most close, & fishers fraude to flye.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

The little birds y^t lights on euery spray,
 & neuer feares y^e birders bad intent,
 But hopes and playes till he become his praye,
 At length, though late, is brought unto his bent;
 But if she doe escape y^e burder's hands,
 She mounts aloft, full loath to light on land.

Thus fish, thus fowle, thus birds, thus euery beast,
 By perills past are arm'd for afterclaps;
 Though reason wants, experience at y^e least
 Of harmes forepast doth make beware such happs:
 Though wisdom want those daungers to espie,
 At length, though late, experience makes supply.

But I, yea I, alas! most Miser I,
 Then fish more foole, then beasts more brutish am:
 Though reason teach me daungers to discry,
 & nature me wth witt and reason frame,
 I bite the bate, & swallow downe the hooke,
 I rashly run & leape before I looke.

Alas! I leape & light before I looke,
 I run on rocks & daungers of dispaire;
 & though I hap vpon y^e hidden hooke,
 & scap y^t chaunce, yet nothing doth me feare:
 Such folly doth possesse my frantique brain,
 Where late I slipt, I headlunge fall againe.

Not reason's rule can curbe y^e frantique fitt
 Wthin my minde, such foolish mocons prove
 Noe wisdom soe can rule my wandring witt
 To make her hold y^e course y^t best behoves:
 Well then, y^e grownd from whence my greife doth grow,
 The fates I curse, for they have wrought my woe.

CEASE Sorrow, now! for thou hast done y^e deede;
Loe Care hath now consumed thy Carcasse quite:
Noe hope can helpe, nor helpe can stand in steede,
For direfull death doth daunt my whole delight;
Yet while I heare y^e towling of y^e Bell,
Before I dye Ile singe this fainte farewell.

Fancy, farewell! whose love hath wrought my woe,
& farewell, woe! y^t wearied hast my witts,
& farewell, witt! whome will bewitched soe,
& farewell, will! soe full of frantike fitts;
Beauty, farewell! whose love I feele soe sore;
& farewell, feeling! for I feele noe more.

And lyfe, adew! w^{ch} I have liv'd & loath;
& farewell, love! which makes me loath my lyfe:
Oh love & lyfe, farewell unto you boath!
Twixt hope and fare, farewell, all folish strife!
Folly, farewell! whome I have fancied soe;
& farewell, fancy! worker of my woe.

If I would thinke how these my thoughts to leave,
Or thinking still my thoughts to have an end;
If rebell sence would reason's law receive,
Or reason foyld would not in vaine contend;
Then might I thinke what thoughts are best to thinke:
Then might I wisely swim or gladly sinke.

If either you would chaunge yo^r cruell hearte,
Or cruell still tyme would yo^r beautie change;
If from my soule this love woulde soone departe,
Or if for love some love I might obteyne;
Then might I hope a change or ease in minde,
By yo^r good meanes all in myselfe to finde.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

But since my thoughts in thinking still are spent
 Wth reasons strife, my sence is ouerthrowne;
 You fairer still, & still more cruell bent,
 I lovinge still a love that loveth none;
 I yeld & striue, I kiss & curse the paine,
 Though reason, sence, tyme, you & I maineteyne.

My Love & I for kisses played;
 She would keepe stakes, I was content;
 But, when I woone, she would be payed;
 Which made me aske her what she meant;
 Nay, then, quoth she, is this your wrangling vaine?
 Give me my stakes, take you your stakes againe.

"Rosa Lilium."

Let tell you whence the Rose did first grow red,
 And whence the Lilly whitenesse borrowed;
 You blusht, & then the Rose wth red was dight;
 The Lilly toucht yo^r hands, & grew soe white;
 Untill that tyme the Rose had but a staine,
 The Lilly nought of whitenesse did retaine;
 You have the native coul^{or}, these the dye
 Which only flourish in your Liverye.

In a mayden time profest,
 Then wee say y^e life is best;
 Tasting once y^e married lyfe,
 Then we only praise the wife;

There's but one state more to try,
 W^{ch} makes weomen laugh or cry;
 Widdow, Widdow, of y^e three,
 Y^e midles best, & y^e give me.

Cupid is an idle toye,
 Neuer was there such a boy;
 If there were, let any shew,
 Or his quiver, or his bowe,
 Or a wound by him they got,
 By a broken arrow shot:
 Mony, Mony makes to bow;
 That's y^e only Cupid now.

Whilst the world continued good,
 & men lov'd for flesh & blood,
 Men aboute them bore y^e darte
 That did nim a womans harte;
 & y^e women greate & small,
 * * * * *
 * * * * * catcht the men,
 That was y^e only Cupid then.

TRANSFORMED mine eyes, but none transform'd my heart,
 I cease to striue, wth duple conquest foyld;
 For woe is me, my howers all I finde
 Wth outward force & inward fury spoyle.

For from wthout come to mine eyes that blow,
 Where to mine inward thoughts did fancy yeld,
 Boath these conspir'd poore reasons overthrow;
 Falce in myself, thus haue I lost my feild.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Thus are mine eyes still captive to one sight,
 Thus all my thoughts are slaves to one thought still;
 Thus reason to his servants yelds his right,
 Thus are my powres transformed to yo' will.

What marvaile then, I seeke, & serue, & sue,
 Since what I see, thinke, know, is all but you?

In vaine, mine eyes! you labour to amend
 Wth flowing teares yo' fault of hasty sight,
 Since to my hearte her shape you soe doe sende,
 That her I see, though you did loose yo' light.

In vaine, my hearte! (now you wth sight are burn'd)
 Wth sighs you seeke to coole yo' hott desire,
 Since sighs into mine inward furnace turn'd,
 For bellowes serve to kindle more y^e fire.

Reason! in vaine (now you haue lost my hearte)
 My head you seeke as to yo' strongest forte,
 Since there mine eyes haue playd soe false a parte
 Y^t to yo' strength yo' foes haue since resorte.

Then since in vaine I finde where all my strife,
 To this strange vaine I yeld both death & lyfe.

CARE! thou y^t nourishest thy selfe ore bolde,
 Wth Feare encreasing still, & soone dost gaine
 Creditt to thy suspicions, whilst chill-cold
 Thou minglest wth a hot & burning Flame;

By w^{ch} thou all y^e kingdoms of mild Loue
 Dost trouble heavy make, & too much moue.

Since thou see some upon my sugred sweets
Hast mixt thy bitter drugs, hence from my hearte
Turne backe to Cocitus & to those Ices deepe,
Those sad & woefull waters full of smarte;

Pack hence to Hell, thou worse then Hellish elfe!

There vepe, torm't, & gawle thine inward selfe.

There wthout rest plong thy wearied days,
There let y^e nights wthouten sleepe be spent,
There torture still & greive thyselfe (alwayes)
As well wth doubtfull as sure punishm^t;

Fret thine owne bowells forth, stampe, stare, be mad,
Be euer heauy, neuer blith, nor glad.

Dispatch! begon! why feircer then before
& far more stronger then thou wontst to be
(Since venum thine to poyson me y^e more
Through euery veine disperced is in me)

Dost thou returne (afresh) in shadowes new,
Y^e more to make me still to waile & rew?

CARE, y^e consuming canker of y^e mind,
The discord y^t disorders sweethearts tunes,
Th' abortiue bastards of a Cowards kinde,
The light-foote lackie y^t runs post to death,
Denouncing worst to him y^t is his frende.

MEN dye, & humaine kinde doth passe away;
Yet Care, y^t makes them dye, doth eu^r stay.

SUSPECT bewrayes o' thoughts, betrayes o' words,
Wounds hearts like swords, & nought but greife affords.

NATURE, Creacons Laws, is iudgd by sence,
Not by y^e Tyrant Conscience;
Then o' condission gives vs leave to do
What youth & pleasure prompts vs to;
Else we might question Heavens great decree,
& tax it wth a kinde of Treachery,
If things made sweete to tempt y^e Appetite
Should wth a guilt staine the delight.
Higher powers rules vs, o'selves can nothing doe:
Who made vs Love made it be lawfull too.
It was not love, but Love transformt to Vice,
Ravisht by envious Avarice,
Made weomen first inproprieate, all were free,
Inclosures mans invencons bee:
In th' auncient law noe accon could be found
For Trespass on my Neighbours ground:
'Twas just wth any Faire to mix o' blood;
Y^e best is most defusive good.
She y^t confines her beames to one mans sight
Is a darke lanthorne to a glorious light.
Say, does y^e springe lesse chast appeare
'Cause many thirsts are quenched there?
Or haue you nott wth y^e same Oderr mett
When more haue smelt the Violet?
Though incense to y^e mortall Gods be ment,
Yet mortalls rivall in the sent.
Man is y^e Lord of Creatures, yet wee see
Y^t all his Vassalls Loves are free.

Y^e tender Wedlocke fetters doe not binde
 Y^e Pardes inflam'd & amorous mind,
 But y^e hé may be like a Bridegrome ledd
 Euen to y^e Royall Lions bedd.
 The Birds may for a yeare their Loves confine,
 But make new choyce each Valentine.
 If o^r affecons then more servile be
 Then are our Slaves, where is mans Sovereignty?
 Why then be pleasing more should you lesse please,
 Or spare y^{or} sweetnesse, being more sweete then these?
 If y^e freshe trunkes haue sapp enough to giue
 Y^t each inserted branch may liue,
 The Gardiner grafts not only Apples there
 But adds y^e Warden & the Peare;
 The Peach & Apricock togeth^r grow,
 The Cherry & y^e Damson too,
 Till he hath made by skillfull husbandry
 An entire Orchard of one tree.
 Soe lest o^r Paradice perfecon wante,
 We may as well inoculate as plant.
 What's Conscience but a Beldams midnight theame,
 Or nodding Nurses idle dreame,
 So faind as are y^e Goblins, Elues & Faryes,
 To watch their Orchards & their Dayryes?
 For who can tell when first her raigne begun?
 — State of Inocency was none;
 & since large Conscience (as y^e Proverbe shewes)
 In y^e same sence wth bad one goes,
 The lesse y^e better then whence it will fall:
 'Tis too p^{er}fect to have none at all.
 Suppose it be a Virtue & a pure,
 'Tis not for Springe or Somer sure,

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Nor yet for Autume, Loue must haue his prime,
 His warmer heates & harvest tyme.
 Till we haue flourishst, growne & reapt o' blisses,
 What Conscience dare oppose o' kisses?
 But when tymes coulder hand leades vs neare home,
 Then let y^e Winter vertue come;
 Frost is till then pdigious, we may doe
 What sprightly youth & pleasure prompts vs too.

Of Cupid.

ALL his body is a fire,
 & his breath a flame intire;
 Wheresoere his arrowes misses,
 He will shoote himselfe in kisses;
 At his sight y^e same was turnd,
 Neptune in y^e waters burnd,
 Hell hath felt a greater heate,
 Jove himselfe forsooke his seate;
 From the Centre to y^e skie
 Are his Trophies raised high.

An Epitaph on a beautifull youth w^{ch} dyed being borne blinde.

VENUS hath lost her Cupid, & desires
 Y^e Graces ayde to seeke him for his fires;
 Being longe absent, y^e greate Paphion queene
 Hides her sad luster, & noe more is seene
 In her full glory; they with weary feete
 Seeke y^e wanton fugitive, & greete

This louely boy: for Cupid him they tooke,
Resembling Citherea's archers looke;
& that the drooping moth' they might cheere,
Plac't him i'th' Zodiac, next to Venus' speare.

Verses of a double sence.

LAWERS themselves maineteyne | y^e comon weale:
They punish | such as doe offend & steale;
They free wth subtill arte | the Inocent
From any daunger, loose of punishment;
They can but will not save | y^e world in awe,
Wth any false or misexpounded law;
They euer haue great store | of Charitie,
& loue they wante | not, keeping amitie.

A LOCKESMITH of o' Parish dyed of late,
W^{ch} sure by this tyme is at heauens gate;
And there he stands, & will not knock,
Because he doth intend to pick the lock.

Two lawers did in freindship lately jarr,
And each comitte his sute at Bachus barr;
The Jury was pints, qarts, & pottle potts;
Which, like to desperate hot comaunding shots
Brought in their verdict; w^{ch} noe sooner past,
But straight the lawers they themselues were cast.
S^r Burdeaux Claret & Seigneour Canary
Did mounting shoote vp with a cerciorary;

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

But then a procedendos force was able
 To throw one Lawer vnderneath the table.
 The other thought it needefull to demurr,
 Slept in the chimney, cause he could not stir.
 And thus though Westminster make clyants stoope
 The Lawers case was here turnd at the hoope.

On Dr Anions wives lute.

PRETTY Lute! when I am gone
 Tell thy M^{re}. here was one
 That in his hearte would be contente
 To play * * * *

Her answer.

PRETTY Lute! when I am gone
 Tell thy M^r. here was one
 That in hir hearte would be contente
 To be at his commaundement.

Rest awhile, you cruell carés!
 Be not more sévere then love:
 Beuty kills & beutie spares,
 & sweete smiles sad remove.
 Laura, faire Queen of my delight!
 Come, graunte me loue in Loves despight;
 And if I euer faile to honor yee,
 Let this heavenlye sight I see
 Be as darke as hell, as me.

If I speake, my words want waight;
 Am I mute, my hearte doth breake;
 If I sigh, she feares deceite:
 Sorrow then for me must speake

Cruell vnkinde! wth favor vew
Y^e wound y^t first was made by you;
And if my torments faigned be,
Let this heavenly sight I see
Be as darke as hell, as me.

Neuer hower of pleasing rest
Shall revive my dying ghost,
Till my soule hath reposest
Y^e sweete hope w^{ch} love hath lost.
Laura! redeeme y^e soule y^t dyes
By fury of thy murdering eyes;
And if it proves vnkind to thee,
Let this heavenly sight I see
Be as darke as hell, as me.

In sorrowes Cell I layed me downe to sleepe,
But waking woes were jealous of mine eyes:
They made them watch, & bound themselves to weepe;
But weeping teares, their want could not suffice;
Yet sith they wept for her who guides my hearte,
They weeping smile, & triumph in their smarte.

Of these my teares a fountaine fircely springs,
Where Venus bathes herselfe incenst wth Love,
Where Cupid bouseth his faire fethered wings;
But I beheld w^t paines I must approve.
Care drinks it dry; but when on her I thinke,
Loue makes me weepe it full vnto the brinke.

Meanwhile my sighs yeld truce unto my teares;
By them y^e winds encrease & fercely blow;
Yet when I sigh y^e flame more plaine appeares,
& by their force wth greater power doth glow.

Amidst these paines all Phoenix like I thrive,
Sith love y^t yelds me death my life revive.

TURNE I my lookes vnto y^e skies,
Love with his arrowes wounds mine eyes;
If soe I looke upon y^e ground,
Love then in euery flowre is found;
Search I the shade to fly my paine,
He meetes me in y^e shade againe;
Wende I to walke in secret grove,
Even there I meete wth sacred love;
If soe I bath it in y^e spring,
Even on y^e brinke I heare him sing;
If soe I meditate alone,
He wil be partner of my moane;
If soe I morne, he weepes wth mee,
& where I am there will he bee;
When as I talke of C———,
Y^e God from coynesse waxeth kinde,
& seemes in selfe same flames to fry,
Because he loves as well as I
Sweete C———! for pity rue
For why then love I am more true.
He, if he speede, will quickly fly,
But in thy loue I'le liue and dye.

END OF THE FIRST SECTION.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

THE SECOND SECTION.

THE contents of this division are taken from different unpublished manuscripts, described in the introductory notices to each poem.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

[Whilst these pages were going through the press, the editor met with a rare old tract, printed in the fifteenth century, entitled *Tractatus Sancti Bonaventure doctoris seraphici Cardinalis et episcopis albanens. DE QUATUOR EXERCITIIS*; the fly-leaves of which were occupied by the following old poem, written in a very early hand, and apparently coeval with the date of the volume itself. He conceived it to be curious enough to deserve a place in the present collection, and, with considerable trouble, succeeded, after various fruitless attempts, in transcribing it: some difficulties, however, even to the last, prevented his being able to decypher a few of the words, which are left blank in the printed copy; but that the reader may himself decide upon those difficulties, a fac-simile is inserted of the lines in which they occurred; and if he be curious in such matters, there is scope for his fancy and room for his judgment. The editor might have supplied those omissions with conjectural elucidations, but this, where so much doubt prevailed, he did not feel himself inclined to.—The contractions of the original MS. and also the Saxon characters, are preserved with exact fidelity.]

1

CONFIDE FILI þⁱ synnys but for geue
for t'sciall cause of redempcion;

G

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Dispare þ^e nogt haw eū þ^u leue,
 Gyty^e m^{cy} is yn þⁱ faderse possescyon,
 Clayme h^t for þⁱ erytage by reson,
 & þ^u schalt haue h^t to þⁱ mede;
 ffor any stronge temptacoon þ^t fallit þ^e on,
Mist^{ste} þ^e neu^r mā for þⁱ mysdede.

2

I ame þⁱ fad^r þ^t sittyt in trone,
 I se þ^e lowe vnd^r my feete,
 I wrorppyd yn synnys ful many on,
 I mygt ofte smyte whane I þ^e dret,
 Ofte mygt I þ^e into payins gete,
 ffor pety I spare, woldist þ^u take hede;
 To se my wonds at reuful plete,
Mist^{ste} þ^e neu^r mā for thi mysdede.

3

I bade þ^e aake for ——— I wolde,
 I bade þ^e seche & I walde save,
 I bade þ^e t^{ste} & make þ^e bolde,
 Aske of þ^y broth^r & þ^u schalt hawe;
 Vnkynde þ^u arte mā me to ———,
 Syth þ^u woldyst nogt wē I þ^e bede;
 ——— þ^y on fote wepeful ney ———,
Mist^{ste} þ^e neu^r mane for þ^y mysdede.

4

hit greuit me more of cainys myschif
 Þaine þ^e kylling of Abel þ^t was good;
 hit displeyd me more þt Judas was lost
 þane syllyng þ^t he schold me to þ^e Rode;
 pylat & Erawde þ^t were so wode
 my m^{cy} to ham nold I neu^r forbede,
 w^t stond stond no man as þay w^tstode;
Mist^{ste} þ^e neu^r mā for þ^y mysded.

5

I wold rader daye a xane
thane on drope of my m^{cy} wer fond drye,
hit is ful ————— to suffre payne;
To sawe a saule eu^r lastyngly
I haue ful pore & mastry;
A kyngs h word schal stand i sted;
Wy fleiste þ^u mane for þ^r foly?
Mist ste þ^e neu^r.

6

loke vp to þ^e crosse, & se a þeue
for onys axynge m^{cy} he gotte ————,
And also paule þ^t dyd me grete rep^{ve},
A worthy postel aft^{ward} he was;
mary maudlyn axyd m^{cy} for her trespas,
And pet^r forsoke me iij tymys for drede,
Ho ys more worthy w^t yn my plase?
Mystryst the neu^r mā for thy mysdede.

7

Loke vppe to heuyn, & see a mayde
off thyns owne kynrede, yorownyd a quene,
yff y be crowyll sche wolle euyl a payde,
ffor bretheryn & systryn bothe we byne;
Sche ys my mother, yther here not tene,
Yff y be off her m^{cy} take hede;
Sche woll not leue the lygtly as y wene,
Mystryst the neu^r.

8

my mother sche fallythe a downe to me,
and cryyth for man that lyythe yn synne & care;
And y to my father fall yn kne,
y schewe hym my wonds, & my body bare;

He mygthe worne the m^cy there,
 Thogff deth were by the, yet scholds y spede
 In wele & yn wo how y^t eu^r thow fare,
 Synne thow not apon trest for þ^t ys drede;
qui peccat in spe p^r cat in spū sto.

9

Wen that my mother her brests to me dyd schew,
 Y wote well sche fedde me, & my mother sche ys;
 Than mvst y redly my m^cy forth drawe,
 w^t stondyng off any rythwysenes;
 Soche a weked mā þ^t hast ī blisse,
 scho woteful well wat ys dort ned,
 marcy for þ^e wel scho nagt mysse;
Mist^t þ^e neu^r for þ^y.

10

Wat lakkt þ^e man? now wolte þ^u more?
 And þ^u hawe mynd here is Socoure;
 And þ^u be lloste telle one by fore,
 We know^t þ^y gou'nans in eury oure;
 Ð duell y^e ī p^rson, here is þ^y boure;
 Come home agene, & take here þ^y mede,
 In heuene blyse w^t moche honore;
And ne myst^t þ^e neu^r mā for thy mysded.

In praise of a good minde.

[Transcribed from an old MS. written ante 1591, *A treatise entytuled the treasure of a good mynde: familiarlie written to a frinde by Rychard Denys esquier*; concerning which see *British Bibliographer*, vol. ii. p. 56, and *The Legend of Mary and other Ancient Poems*, 1810, p. 158.]

WHAT thinge of greater price
 On earth maye any fynde,
 What gould or ryches may compare
 Wyth vertu of the mynde?
 The mynde doth still possesse
 In Man a kinglie place,
 And guydes the steppes of mortall wightes,
 And rules in everye case;
 So that yf that the mynde
 To ought addicted be,
 What parte of man doth not obey,
 And therto doth agree?
 Who that can rule his mynde
 And thynks all pleasures vayne,
 How greate a Lorde is he in thoughte,
 How princelie doth he raigne!
 No worldlie wealth cann move
 His mynde synne to obeye,
 No force compell him once to yeeld
 Vnto his owne decaye.
 To vanquysh all delighe
 That vertu hath in hate,
 A good well ordred mynde doth seeke,
 And twice a happie state.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

No yll can happe to mann
 But by the myndes consent;
 No vice doth grow whereas the mynd
 To vertu still is bent.
 All pride to him is ruine,
 Humylitie is joye;
 In Charitie is his delight,
 And envie his anoye.
 Yf Anger ryse in thought,
 Repentance doeth ensue;
 And pacience, through his victorie,
 Receyves his honor due.
 All Avarice he takes
 To be his mortall foe,
 And doth esteeme it pouertie,
 Though he fewe esteeme it so.
 To lyve in meane estate
 Is chiefie his delighe,
 And thinkes that mediocritie
 Is Ryches in his sighte.
 All glottony he takes
 As foolyshnes to be,
 And euermore sobrietie
 Wyth wysdome to agree.
 Voluptuousnes he hates,
 W^{ch} Idlenes doth breede,
 And doth beleve that chastitie
 Shall see the Lord indeede.
 From slowth, the roote of vice,
 He daielie seekes to flee,
 And takes all good industerie
 A vertu for to be.
 In worldlie ioy sometyme
 A sorowe doth he fynde,

And in the greatest sorow hath
Most comfort of the mynde.
Affliction being sente
By suffering, though wth paine,
Hē makes it to himself no grief,
But turnes it to his gayne.
Though worldlie wealth he want
That many hath at wyll,
Yet still his mynd forbids him crave,
And seeke to do no ill.
And to conclude, the mynde
That vertu doth embrace,
May soone suppress all wycked thoughts,
And ioy in happie case.
Yf any maner wighte
Be any waye ill bente,
By vertu of his mynd he maie
Turne from his ill intende.
Yf any maner grieffe
Doe mvch oppresse the mynde,
The mynde itself may cure itself,
And remedye may finde.
Now will I saie no more,
But he that doeth enioy
So good a mynd, so greate a grace,
May lyve wthout anoye.

finis.

In the praise of vertu.

[This is also taken from the same MS. volume as the last.]

Who wyll ensue the statelie steppes
 That mountes to honor hie,
 And doth entende wyth fame to lyve
 And after mounte the skie,
 Lett him first clymbe the loftie hill
 Whereon dame Prudence syttes,
 Wyth watchfull eye there to behould
 All things that chieffie fyttes,
 To know and see and to ensue
 The partes of noble wyttes.
 Wyth prudence there shall he perceyve
 That Justice syttes in sighte,
 Wth sworde in hand and ballance eke,
 To yeeld to each a right,
 And force that breakes the piller strong
 And yeelds to no myschaunce,
 But constantly can well subdue
 Herself & eke advance;
 And temperaunce, that measure keepes
 And modestie doth vse;
 Thes worthie ladies all are such
 As noble myndes shuld choose.
 Who hath bin therfore trayned vp
 In lady learnings lore,
 And treades the path of vertu right,
 As some hath done before,
 Lett him thes ladies all embrace
 And seeke their friendlie ayde,
 By whome they may to honor come
 And neede not be dysmayde.

The mynde that beastlie beares the shew
Of ryches to attayne,
And doth preferre such worldlie trashe
Before all honors gayne,
Lett him from honor be exempte
And counted worldlie wise,
And lett them that haue noble mynds
To honor that waie ryse.
For vertue is the onelie meane
This honor to attayne,
Wythout the w^{ch} the glyttering gould
And all things else are vayne.
He that by vertu honor seekes
And hath her for hys guyde,
By it may well assure himself
To stand when others slyde.
Who vauntes therfore of ryches greate
Therby to winne the hate
Of many to attayne the same
Lyves in vnhappie state;
But who that vertu doth embrace,
And honor doth maynteyne,
Is worthy prayse among the best,
How ever be his gayne.
Such none lett vaunt himself, therfore,
That bragges of Mydas joye,
Who could not quench his thirst wth gould,
W^{ch} was his chief anoy.
To tread the steppes of vertu then
Lett all things else goe bye:
Who still doe kepe a noble mynde
His treasure there may lie.
She is the crowne of worthie fame,
The comfort of the soule,

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

A wight that shines aboue the rest
 That no law can controll.
 No grief or carefull case at all
 Can make her once to drowpe,
 No prosperous state lyft vp her head,
 No fortune make her stowpe.
 No vayne abused hope, no gayne,
 Or vaunting glorie greate,
 Can once remove her from her place
 Where she hath made her seate.
 No fearefull happes or doubtfull chaunce
 Can make her once afrayde,
 Who can by no meanes suffer harne,
 Nor yet can be dysmayd.
 Come rushing in who lyst in hast,
 When others start aside,
 And rounes away for sodaine fear,
 Dame vertu will not hide.
 When Atropose doth shake his darte,
 She hath no cause to feare:
 No threatning plagues or doubt of death
 Can make her chaynge her chere.
 She onely doth defende the mynde
 From thoughtes of wycked synne,
 And doth subdue them at the fyrst,
 As soone as they begynne.
 She doth reioyce the inward man
 Wth sweete and pleasaunt ioyes,
 And dryves away all worldlie cares
 W^{ch} be her chief anoyes.
 She onely doth subdue the rage
 And staies the furie greate
 Of all affections of the mynde
 In their most chieffest heate.

She causeth man to leade his lief
 In joyfull happie state,
 And by her may procure himself
 Both good and happie fate.
 By her is perfytt pleasure woone,
 Wth ioye of inward mynde:
 Yf thow seeke prayse by due desert,
 By her thow shalt it fynde.
 Yf thow seeke after happie lief,
 A happie death to die,
 By her thow maist attayne therto
 And after mount the skie.
 Loe thus is vertu of the mynde
 The Juell of this life,
 The onelie staie of happie state,
 A gyft that is not ryef.
 And as the glyttering gould doe shine,
 From forge all fined new,
 So doe they shine aboue the rest,
 That vertu doth ensue.

finis.

Johnny Cock.

A Scottish Ballad.

[“ The reverend Mr. Boyd, the ingenious translator of Dante, has a
 “ faint recollection of a ballad called Johnny Cox.” Ritson’s *Historical
 Essay on Scottish Song*, p. xxxvi.]

JOHNNY COCK, in a May morning,
 Sought water to wash his hands;
 And he is awa to louse his dogs,
 That’s tied wi Iron bans,
 That’s tied wi Ifon bans.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

His coat it is of the light Lincum green,
 And his breiks are of the same;
 His shoes are of the American leather,
 Silver buckles tying them,
 Silver buckles &c.

'He' hunted up, and so did 'he' down,
 Till 'he' came to yon bush of scrogs,
 And then to yon wan water,
 Where he slept among his dogs,
 Where he slept &c.

*

*

*

*

*

Johnny Cock out-shot a the Foresters,
 And out-shot a the three;
 Out-shot a the foresters,
 Wounded Johnny aboun the bree,
 Wounded Johnny &c.

Woe be to you, foresters!
 And an ill death may you die;
 For there would not a wolf in a the wood,
 Have done the like to me,
 Have done &c.

For 'twould ha' put its foot in the coll water,
 And ha strinkled it on my bree;
 And gin that would not have done,
 Would have gane and lett me be,
 Would have gane &c.

I often took to my mother
The dandoo and the roe;
But now I'll take to my mother
Much sorrow and much woe,
Much sorrow &c.

I often took to my mother
The dandoo and the hare;
But now I'll take to my mother
Much sorrow and much care,
Much sorrow &c.

Fifteen foresters in the braid alow,
And they are wondrous fell;
To get a drop of Johnny's heart bluid,
They would sink a their souls to hell.

Johnny Cock has gotten word of this,
And he is wondrous keen:
He custan off the Red scarlet,
And on 'wi' the linkum green;

And he is ridden oer muir and muss,
And over mountains high,
Till he came to yon wan water;
And there Johnny Cock did lie.

He's taen out a horn from his side,
And he blew both loud and shrill,
Till a the fifteen foresters
Heard Johnny Cock blaw his horn.

They have sworn a bluidy oath,
And they swore all in one,
That there was not a man among them a,
Would blaw such a blast as yon.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

And they have ridden oer muir and muss,
 And over mountains high,
 Till they came to yon wan water,
 Where Johnny Cock did lie.

They have shotten little Johnny Cock
 A little above the ee;

*

For doing the like to me.

There's not a wolf in a the word
 Woud 'ha' done the like to me,
 'She'd ha' dipped her foot in coll water,
 And strinkled above my ee.
 And if I would have waked for that,
 'She'd ha' gane and let me be.

But fingers five, come here!
 And faint hearted fail me naught;
 And silver strings, value me sma things,
 Till I get all this vengeance rowght!

He ha shot a the fifteen foresters,
 Left never a one but one;
 And he broke the ribs a that anes side,
 And let him take tiding home.

They have ridden oer muir and muss,
 And over mountains high,
 Till they met wi 'an' old palmer
 Was walking along the way.

What news, what news, old palmer!
 What news have you to me?
 Yonder is one of the proudest wed sons
 That ever my eyes did see.

* * a bird in a the wood
 Could sing as I could say;
It would go in to my mothers bows,
 And bid her kiss me, and take me away.

The editor has found amongst his papers the ensuing ballad, but from whence he obtained it, his recollection fails in assisting him to ascertain. He believes, however, from circumstances, that it must be old, although the particular reasons which induced him to form such an opinion are now forgotten: at any rate, its insertion here, as it fills up what would else be a vacant space, can do little harm.

THERE was an old couple, and they were poor,
 Fa la, Fa la la lee!
They liv'd in a house that had but one door;
 Oh! what a poor couple were they.

The old man once he went far from his home,
 Fa la, &c.
The old woman afraid was to stay alone,
 Oh! what a weak woman was she.

The old man he came home at last,
 Fa la, &c.
And found the windows and door all fast;
 Oh! what is the matter? quoth he.

Oh! I have been sick since you have been gone,
 Fa la, &c.
If you'd been in the garden, you'd heard me groan;
 Oh! I'm sorry for that, quoth he.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

I have a request to make unto thee,

Fa la, &c.

To pluck me an apple from yonder tree.

Aye that will I, marry, quoth he.

The old man tried to get up in the tree,

Fa la, &c.

But the ladder it fell, and down tumbled he;

That's cleverly done, said she.

END OF THE SECOND SECTION.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

THE THIRD SECTION.

FROM SCARCE PRINTED BOOKS.

Platonick Love.

[From the *Loyal Garland*, 1686, a volume of extraordinary rarity, belonging to Francis Freeling, Esq. considered by Beloe, vide his *Anecdotes*, to be unique.]

FOND Lovers! what do you mean,
To court an idle folly?
Platonick Love is nothing else
But meerly Melancholly;
Tis active Love that makes us jolly.

To dote upon a face,
Or court a sparkling eye,
Or to believe a dimpled chin
Compleat felicity,
Tis to betray your liberty.

She cares not for your sighs,
Nor your lamenting eyes,
She hates to hear a fool complain
And cry, he dyes, he dyes;
Believe she loves a close surprize.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Then be no more so fond
 As to think a Woman can
 Be satisfied with complements,
 The frothy part of a man :
 Oh no! she hates a Puritan.

Then venture to embrace ;
 Tis but one squeak or two :
 I'm confident no woman lives,
 But sometimes she will do :
 The fault lies not in her, but you.

The merry Bells of Oxford.

[From the same volume.]

OH the merry Christ-Church Bells !
 One, two, three, four, five, six ;
 They troul so wondrous deep,
 So woundy sweet,
 And they chime so merrily, merrily.
 Hark ! the first and second Bell
 At e'ry day, by four and ten,
 Cries, come, come, come, come, come to Prayers ;
 And the Vergers troop before the Deans.
 Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, goes the little Bell,
 To call in e'ry Soul ;
 But the devil a Man
 Will leave his Can,
 Till they hear the mighty Toul.

Song.

[From *The New Academy of Complements.*]

If any so wise is
That Sack he despises,
Let him drink his small Beer and be sober:
Whilst we drink Sack and Sing,
As if it were Spring,
He shall droop, like the trees in *October*.
But be sure over-night,
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning;
Soon out of your bed,
To settle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning.
And be not so silly,
To follow old *Lilly*,
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us:
Let his *Ne assuescas*,
Be put in his Cap-case,
And sing *Bi-bi-to Vinum Je-junus*.

Song.

[From the same volume.]

THE Morning doth waste;
To the Meadows let's haste,
For the Sun doth with glory shine on them;
The Maidens must rake,
Whilst the Hay-cocks we make,
Then merrily tumble upon them.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

The envy of Court
 Ne'r aims at our sport,
 For we live both honest and meanly.
 Their Ladies are fine,
 But to *Venus* incline;
 And our Lasses are harmless and cleanly.
 Then let us advance
 Our selves in a Dance,
 And afterward fall to our labour;
 No measure we mete,
 Nor Musick so sweet
 To us, as a Pipe and a Tabor.

Dialogue Pastoral, Strephon and Phillis.

[From the same volume.]

Phil. *Strephon*, what envious cloud hath made
 All o're thy Face, this sullen shade?

Streph. It is the Index of my grief.

Phil. But say, admits it no relief?
 Thy now neglected Flock doth stray,
 The VVolf securely takes his prey,
 And thy discarded Pipes lie by,
 VVhilst thou under some Beach does lie,
 Or Mirtle in the shady Grove,
 And sigh'st and pin'st like one in love.

Streph. Ah! *Phillis*, thou hast toucht me now:
 I can't my Passion disavow;
 And that word Love my Heart does rise,
 And with it strangely sympathize.

P. But who did thus your Heart surprize?

- S. It was the Shepherdess, whose Eyes
Are brighter far than any Ray
The Sun disclosed on *May-day*.
- P. VWho was it *Strephon*? Tell me true.
- S. Ah! dearest *Phillis*, it was You.
- P. Strive not, false Shepherd, to deceive
A Nymph too easie to believe
A Passion which she likes so well :
Such falsehood would deserve a Hell.
- S. May the Gods for whom fat Lambs I feed,
That on their smoaking Altars bleed,
All my devoutest Prayers despise,
And all my humble Sacrifice;
Or what's a greater Curse, may I
Find nought from thee but Cruelty,
If I do love my *Phillis* less
Than my own greatest Happiness.
If truth doth not in *Swains* reside,
VWhere is she in the VWorld beside?
- Phil. I can't distrust so lov'd a truth,
Deliver'd by so sweet a Youth.
- Ch. Let's join our hands and hearts, and we'll out-vie,
Of two. The Gods themselves with our felicity.
- Cho. Let those that in deceitful Courts do dwell,
- Cho. Delay their Joys, and tedious suits pursue,
- Voic. Our honest words their courtship far excel:
'Mongst unambitious Shepherds love is true.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Song.

[From the same volume.]

At dead low ebb of night, when none
But great *Charles's* wain was driven on;
When mortals strict cessation keep,
To re-recruit themselves with sleep,
'T[w]as then a Boy knockt at my Gate,
Who's there, say I, that calls so late?
Oh! let me in, he soon reply'd:
I am a Child; and then he cry'd,
I wander without Guide or light,
Lost in this wet, blind, Moonless night.
In pity then I rose,
And straight unbarr'd my door and sprang a light;
Behold, it was a lovely Boy! a sweeter sight

— Ne're blest my eye.

I view'd him round, and saw strange things,
A Bow, a Quiver, and two Wings;
I led him to the fire, and then
I dry'd and chafed his hands with mine;
I gently press'd his tresses curls,
Which new fallen rain had hung with Pearls.
At last, when warm, the youngster said,
Alas, my Bow! I am afraid
The string is wet; pray Sir, let's try
My Bow. On that, do, do, say I.
He bent, and shot so quick and smart,
As through my Liver reach'd my Heart;
Then in a trice he took his flight,
And laughing said, my Bow is right:
It is, oh! 'tis, for as he spoke,
'Twas not his Bow, but my heart broke.

Song.

[From the same volume.]

COME, Jack! Let's drink a Pot of Ale,
And I shall tell thee such a Tale,
VVill make thine Ears to ring :
My Coyn is spent, my Time is lost,
And I this only Fruit can boast,
That once I saw my King.
But this doth most afflict my mind :
I went to Court in hope to find
Some of my Friends in place ;
And walking there, I had a sight
Of all the Crew; but by this light !
I hardly knew one Face.
S'life! of so many noble Sparks,
Who on their Bodies bare the Marks
Of their Integrity,
And suffered ruin of Estate,
It was my base unhappy Fate,
That I not one could see.
Not one, upon my life! among
My old acquaintance all along,
At *Truro* and before.
And I suppose the place can show,
As few of those whom thou didst know
At *York*, or *Marston-More*.
But truly there are swarms of those
VVhose Chins are Beardless, yet their Nose,
And backsides still wear Muffs;
VVhilst the old rusty Cavalier
Retires, and dares not once appear,
For want of Coyn and Cuffs ;

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

VWhen none of those I could descry,
VWho better far deserved than I,

I calmly did reflect :

Old Servants they, by rule of State,
Like Almanacks grow out of date,

VWhat then can I expect ?

Troth ! in contempt of Fortune's frown,
I'll fairly get me out of Town,

And in a Cloyster pray,
That since the Stars are yet unkind
To Royalists, the King may find,
More faithful Friends than they.

Song.

[From the same volume.]

I MARVEL, Dick ! that having been
So long abroad, and having seen

The VWorld as thou hast done,
Thou shouldst acquaint me with a tale,
As old as *Nectar*, and as stale

As that of Priest or Nun.

Are *we* to learn what is at Court,
A Pageant made for Fortune's sport;

Where Merits scarce appear ?
For bashful merit only dwells
In Camps, in Villages, and Cells;

Alas ! it comes not there.
Desert is nice in its Address,
And merit oft-times doth oppose

Beyond what Guilt would do;
 But they are sure of their Demands
 That come to Court with Golden Hands,
 And brazen Faces too.
 The King indeed doth still profess
 To give his Party soon redress,
 And cherish honesty;
 But his good *wishes* prove in vain,
 Whose Service *with* the Servants gain
 Not always to agree.
 Ah! Princes, be they never so *wise*,
 Are fain to see with other eyes,
 But seldom hear at all;
 And Courtiers find their Interest
 In time feather *well* their Nest,
 Providing for their fall.
 Our comfort doth on him depend,
 Things *when* they are at *worst* will mend;
 And let us but reflect
 On our Condition t'other Day,
When none but Tyrants bore the sway,
 What did *we* then expect?
 Mean while, a calm Retreat is best;
 But Discontent, if not suppress,
 May breed Disloyalty.
 This is the constant Note I'll sing:
 I have been faithful to my King,
 And so shall live and die.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Catch, or Song.

[From the same volume.]

POMPEY was a mad-man, a mad-man,
Pompey was a mad-man, a mad-man was he;
 So long he was a glad-man, a glad-man,
 So long he was a glad-man, and a glad-man was he,
 Till *Cesar* from *Pharsalia*, routed his *Batalia*,
 'Cause he was a madder, a madder far than he.
 Then be thou mad, and I mad, and mad let us be;
 And the Devil himself shan't be madder than we.

Song.

[From the same volume.]

POOR *Celia* once was very fair,
 A quick bewitching Eye she had,
 Most neatly look'd her braided Hair,
 Her dainty Cheeks would make you mad:
 Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
 And on her breasts ten thousand Cupids lay.

Then many a doting Lover came,
 From seventeen to twenty-one;
 Each told her of his flame;
 But she, forsooth, affected none:
 One was not handsom, the other was not fine,
 This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

But th'other day it was my fate
 To pass along that way alone ;
 I saw no Coach before her Gate,
 But at her door I heard her moan,
 And drop'd a tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
 Young Ladies, marry, marry whilst you may!

Song.

[From the same volume.]

How severe is forgetful old Age,
 To confine a poor Lover so,
 That I almost despair,
 To see even the Man,
 Much more my dear *Damon*, hey ho !
 Though I whisper my sighs out alone,
 I am trac'd so wherever I go,
 That some treacherous tree
 Hides this old Man from me,
 And he counts every Hey ho !
 How shall I this *Argus* blind,
 And so put an end to my woe?
 For whilst I beguile
 All his Frowns with a smile,
 I betray myself with a Hey ho !
 My restraint then, alas ! must endure,
 So that since sad my Doom I know,
 I'll pine for my Love,
 Like the Turtle Dove,
 And breath out my Life in *Hey ho* !

From Skelton's *phillip sparowe*, 12^{mo} *Marshe* 1568.

THOUGH I can rede and spell,
 Recount, report, and tell
 Of the talles of Caunterbury,
 Some sad storyes, some merry;
 As Palomon and Arcet,
 Duke Theseus and partelet,
 And of the wife of bath,
 That worketh much scathe
 Whan her tale is told
 Among huswiues bold,
 How she controlld
 Her husbandes as she wold,
 And theim to dispise
 In the homeliest wise,
 Bring other wiues in thought
 their husbandes to set at naught;
 And though that red haue I
 Of Gawen and syr Guy,
 And tel can a great peece
 Of the golden fleece,
 How Jason it wan
 Like a valiaunt man;
 Of Arturs round table,
 with his knightes commēdable,
 And dame Gaynour hys Quene,
 was somewhat wanton I wene;
 How syr Launcelote de Lake
 Many a speare brake
 For hys Ladyes sake;
 Of Tristrom, and kyng Marke,
 And al the whole warke

Of bele I sold his wife,
 For whom was much strife;
 Some say she was lyght,
 And made her husband knyght
 Of the common hall
 That cuckoldes men call;
 And of sir Libius
 Named Disconius,
 Of quarter fylz Amunde,
 And how they were sommond
 To Rome, to Charlemayne,
 Upon a great payne,
 And how they rode, each one
 On Bayard Mountabon,
 Men se him now and then
 In the forest Arden;
 What though I can frame
 The storyes by name
 Of Judas Machabeus;
 And of Cesar Julius;
 And of the loue betwene
 Paris and viene;
 And of the duke of Hannyball,
 That made the Romaines all
 For drede and to quake;
 How Scipion did wake
 The citie of Cartage,
 Which by his vnmerciful rage
 He beat down to the ground;
 And though I can expound
 Of Hector of Troy,
 That was al theyr ioye,
 Whome Achilles slue,
 Wherefore all Troy did rue;

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

And of the loue so hote
That made Troylus to dote
Upon fayre Crésseyde,
And what they wrote and sayd,
And of their wanton wils,
Pandaer bare the byls
From one to the other,
His maisters loue to further;
Somtime a precious thyng,
An ouche, or els a ryng,
From her to him agayn;
Somtime a prety chain,
Or a bracelet of her heare,
Prayed Troylus for to weare
That token for her sake,
How hartely he did it take,
And much therof did make;
And al that was in vayne
For shee did but fayne,
The story telleth playne;
He could not obtayne,
Though his father wer a king,
Yet there was a thyng,
That made the male to wryng;
She made him to sing
The song of louers laye;
Musing night and daye,
Mourninge al alone,
Comfort had he none,
For she was quite gone;
Thus in conclusion,
Shee broughte him in abuson,
In earnest, and in game,
She was much to blame,

Disparaged is her fame,
 And blemished is her name,
 In maner half with shame;
 Troylus also hath lost
 On her muche loue and cost,
 And now must kisse the post;
 Pandara that went betwene
 Hath won nothyng I ween
 But light for somer greene,
 Yet for a speciall laud
 He is named Troyllous baud,
 Of that name he is sure
 Whiles the world shal dure.
 Though I remembre the fable
 Of Penelope most stable,
 To her husband most trew,
 Yet long time she ne knew
 Whether he were on liue or ded;
 Her wit stode her in sted,
 That she was true and iuste
 For anye bodelye luste
 To Ulixes her make,
 And neuer wold him forsake.
 Of Marcus Marcellus
 A prosses I could tel vs;
 And of Anteocus;
 And of Iosephus
De antiquitatibus;
 And of Mardocheus;
 And of great Assuerus,
 And of Uesca his Queene,
 Whome he forsoke with teene;
 And of Hester his other wife,
 With whom he led a pleasaunt life;

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Of kynge Alexander;
 And of kyng Ewander;
 And of Porcena the greate
 That made the romains to smarte.
 Though I haue enrold
 A thousande newe and old
 Of these historyous tales
 To fil bougets and males,
 With bookes that I haue red;
 Yet I am nothyng sped,
 And can but lytle skyl
 Of Ouid, or Vergil,
 Or of Plutharke,
 Or of Fraunces Petrarke,
 Alcheus, or Sapho,
 Or suche other Poetes moe
 As Linus, and Homerus,
 Enphorion, and Theocritus,
 Anacreon, an Arion,
 Sophocles, and Philemon,
 Pindarus, and Dimonides,
 Philiston, and Phorocides,
 These Poetes of auncientie,
 They are to diffuse for me.

* *

Gowers englyshe is olde,
 And of no value is tolde,
 His matter is worth gold,
 And worthy to be enrold.
 In Chauser I am sped,
 His tales I haue red,
 His mater is delectable,
 Solacious, and commendable;
 His englishe wel alowed,

So as it is emprowed,
For as it is employed,
There is no englyshe voyd;
At those dayes muche commended,
And now men wolde haue amēded
His englishe, where at they barke
And marre all they warke;
Chaucer, that famous Clarke,
His tearmes were not darcke,
But pleasaunt, easy, and playne,
No worde he wrote in vayne;
Also Jhon Lydgate
Wrytteth after an hyer rate,
It is diffuse to fynde
The sentence of his mind,
Yet wryteth he in his kind;
No man that can amēd
Those maters that he hath pend;
Yet some men finde a faut,
And say he wryteth to haut.

NOTES.

Page 1, line 2. SOON after this transcript was made, an account of the manuscript was drawn up for insertion in the *British Bibliographer*, and sent to the editor of that work.

———— 11. Having no other knowledge of these very scarce poetical miscellanies than through the medium of the *Censura Literaria*, the *British Bibliographer*, and *Hawkins' History of Music*, it was thought unnecessary to indicate what pieces in this volume had been printed therein, as such a reference must have been incomplete.

—— 3, — 21. This stanza is of difficult construction, and its explanation is left to the reader.

—— 4, — 1. This stanza is also printed exactly as it stands in the original *MS.* but is obviously corrupt.

—— 4, — 24. The reading of this line is far preferable in the *Censura Literaria*; but I have not chosen to deviate from my *MS.* authority.

—— 5, — 7. This is strikingly similar to the following couplet:

Blande puer! lumen quod habes concede sorori;
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

—— 6, — 17. Watson was rather an earlier writer than Shakespeare; and George Steevens characterizes him "as a more elegant sonneteer" than the Warwickshire bard. This praise has been questioned, and I think with just criticism, in an article upon his '*Passionate Centurie of Love*,' in the *British Bibliographer*. He was, however, a poet of considerable eminence in his day, and not quite undeserving of notice now: the present little piece contains strong thoughts forcibly expressed. It may be observed that at page 91 of *The Phoenix Nest*, 1593, a miscellany to which Watson was a contributor, there are 18 lines descriptive of *Jealousy*.

Page 7, line 1. These lines would seem to be the germ of a small poem by Dr. Donne, who, although celebrated by his contemporaries, has long been deservedly forgotten; which Mr. Ellis has given as an example of that metaphysical writer's productions, though it be like shewing a single brick as a specimen of a house.

Should it be thought that too strong a censure is here conveyed upon one whom Pope and Cowper have combined to praise, and whose works have been admitted into Mr. Chalmers's *Corpus Poetarum*, still I shall not wish to moderate it. I think that Pope was induced to modernise his Satires, from motives which, although neither honourable to his candour or his love of truth, were quite distinct from any belief in their merit. Cowper, there can be no doubt, was influenced by his relationship to the old Dean; and Chalmers, probably, preserved such worthless trash from deference to the authorities that had preceded him. Donne never can be admired, nor ever obtain a second perusal from any mind imbued with the slightest particle of taste, or fancy, or feeling.

Having written thus far, a friend to whom it has been shewn, thinks that a censure is apparently conveyed upon a work which, above all others, has largely contributed to form a correct and judicious sentiment on the subject of our early poetry; and it is with pleasure that I explain what was certainly not meant in the sense which he says will be imputed to it. In stating that the pieces of Dr. Donne, selected by Mr. Ellis for his work, would not give a correct idea of his general composition, I did not wish or intend to impute any blame to *him*, whose object it clearly was (an object too that is effected with most praiseworthy and fascinating judgment) to collect beautiful blossoms from plantations over-run with weeds of a noxious and imperished existence. What poetical reader is there that has not perused Mr. Ellis' volumes? and who that has not acknowledged with gratitude the taste and genius of their compiler?

— 7, — 5. to taue a jigge.] I have no doubt, after seeing the ensuing passage, of having mistaken the word in the manuscript:

As if wise Solomon should tune a jigge;
Or mighty Hercules goe whip a gigge.

Plantagenet's Tragical Story, 1649, page 26.

Page 7, line 7. A Spanish figg.] This phrase has met with ample illustration in the last variorum edition of *Shakspeare*, xii. 397, to which the curious and inquisitive reader is referred.

———— 10.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once. *Shakspeare.*

—— 9, — 23. In Tottell's *Miscellany* is a song, once very popular, commencing

I lothe that I did love.

—— 11, — 1. The horrible and disgusting detail of the crimes, for the commission of which this wretched man perished by the hands of the executioner, is registered in the *State Trials*.

—— 12, — 20. *Each Troylus hath his Cresed.*] The mention of these personages was very frequent in poetical works of the reign of Queen Beas: seven instances occur in Proctor's *Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, and two in Robinson's *Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, as well as several in *The Paradise of Dayntie Devices*, and *Shelton's Poems*. It was this frequency of allusion, perhaps, that induced Shakspeare to write his drama on the subject.

———— 21. *Thy well ordred lockes are longe.*] In reprobation of this fashion it was that a writer of the name of Hall was loudly energetic in a treatise called *The Loathsomnesse of Long Haire*, 1653; we do not learn, however, that his pious endeavours were effectual. The following curious dialogue, for the knowlege of which I am indebted to Mr. Gilchrist, is a parody upon an admired song of Carew's,

Ask me no more where Jove bestows.

and may appositely be submitted to the reader's attention.

Dialogue between Captaine Long-haire and Alderman Short-haire.

C. L. Ask me no more why I do waire
My haire so far below myne eare :
For the first man that e'er was made
Did never know the Barber trade.

A. S. Aske me no more where all the day
The foolish owle doth make her stay ;

Pieces of Ancient Poetry.

Tis in your locks, for, tak't from me,
She thinks your haire an Ivy tree.

C. L. Tell me no more that length of haire
Can make the visage seem less fair :
For know, howe'er my hair doth sit,
Im sure that yours comes *short* of it.

A. S. Tell me no more men wear long hair
To chase away the coldest ayre ;
For by experience we may see,
Long hair will but a backwind be.

C. L. Tell me no more that long hair can
Argue deboystness in a man ;
For 'tis religious, being inclined
To keep the Temples from the wind.

A. S. Tell me no more that Roarers waire
Their hair extent below their ear :
For having morgaged theyr land,
They'd faine obscure th' appearing band.

C. L. Ask me no more why hair may be
Th' expression of gentility ;
Tis that which, being largely grown,
Derives its pedigree from the Crown. *Harl. MS. No. 6396.*

Page 15, line 7. *When many a tall ship rides, a sudaine blast*

Strikes of the brauest topsaile from the mast.] A
well-depicted allusion to the unforeseen approach of a storm at sea,
is to be met with in *Plantagenets Tragical Story*, 1649, and extracted
in *Bibliographical Memoranda*, 4to. No. 2.

———— 14. *W. H.] Qu. Will. Habington*, a new edition of
whose works has lately been published.

———— 18, — 21. The blank is occasioned by a word which could
not be ascertained in the original MS.

———— 19, — 11. *I soe.] Is soe.*

———— 20, — 26. *Licke to a pleasant dreame when one awakes,*
The pleasuers vanish w^{ch} the fancy makes.] A writer
in Proctor's *Gorgeous Gallery* has, with far less elegance, written

The weary and long night
Doth make me dreame of thee ;

And still me thinks with sight
 I see thee here with mee:
 And then with open armes
 I strayne my pillow softe,
 And as I close mine armes,
 Mee thinkes I kisse thee oft.
 But when at last I wake,
 And finde mee mockte with dreames;
 Alas! with moane I make,
 My teares run down like streames.

Page 21, line 7. *To y^e tune of 'Whoope! doe me noe harme, good man.'*
 The only other vestige remaining of this old song, is in Ford's *Fancies, Chaste and Noble*, Act iii. sc. 3, where Secco sings 'Whoope! do me no harm, good woman.' I suspect this last word is a misprint.

8. The editor hesitated for some time whether he ought not rather to have rejected this ballad, than by insertion subject himself to censure. Its curiosity, as an historical allusion to the calamitous death of Sir Thomas Overbury, decided upon its preservation, and not either the delicacy or decency of the language. It was scarcely possible indeed to descant on such a subject, more particularly in a satirical composition, without using expressions which the purity of modern refinement would condemn. That the editor was not instigated by choice to retain it, must be evident from his having omitted upwards of a dozen pieces from the manuscript-volume, which omission indeed has been before alluded to, on account of their impropriety.

It may be cursorily observed that the very gross allusions which I have not ventured to enlarge upon in any notes, will meet ample elucidation, by a perusal of the memoir-writers who form the *Secret History of James the First*, lately published at Edinburgh in 2 vols. 8vo. a work which may with confidence be recommended to the reader, as comprising a very satisfactory commentary upon that wretched driveller's reign.

26. *There was a good Earle.*] Robert Devereux, earl of Essex

27. *Had gott a young girle.*] Frances, countess of

Essex, whose abandoned profligacy of attachment for Carre, earl of Somerset, led to the poisoning of Overbury.

Page 22, line 16. *There was a younge Lord.*] Robert Carre, earl of Somerset.

————— 22. *He had a sweete freind.*] Sir Thomas Overbury.

————— 24. *Sweete Sr Jervice.*] Sir Gervaise Elwes, Lieut. Gov. of the Tower.

—— 23, — 1. *But this little Matron*

Would needes have this Patron,

A Patron of Ignoramus.] This may probably refer to the representation of Ruggle's humorous Comedy, at Cambridge; and if so, would indicate Carre's having interested himself in its success, upon the solicitation of his wife, evidently alluded to as 'this little Matron,' who was present, as we gather from a curious letter descriptive of King James's visit to the University, and written by an eye-witness, one John Chamberlain, whose account, dated March 16, 1614, is preserved in *Miscellaneous State-Papers from 1501 to 1726*, 4to. Lond. 1778.

————— 4. *Now Weton & Herne*

& Turner.] Weston and Mrs. Turner were prominent actors in this bloody tragedy; but of Herne's name I have discovered no other trace.

————— 11. The grossness of the expression in this ballad renders it liable to a similar objection with the last. The obscurity of some passages, and the difficulty of ascertaining its allusions, were also against preserving it; and, more in compliance with the opinions of others than his own, the editor has suffered it to remain.

————— 13. *Along y^e ditch by Grayes.*] Of this ditch by Gray's Inn, I do not trace any notice, either in Stow's *Survey* or Pennant's *Account of London*.

—— 24, — 13. *To Morefields se you come.*] Some curious notices of these fields are contained in a note by Dr. Nott, to his late edition of *Decker's Gulls Horn-Book*, page 48. See also Stow's *Survey of London*, fol. 1633.

Page 24, line 20. *I onely beare y^e bell.*] So in *Sir Walter Raleigh's Poems*, 4to. 1814, page 10 :

And methinks my true love *bears the bell*
For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the Nymphs that be so bright.

Proctor's Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions, edit. 1814, page 56 :

Her freend, that ment her well
Out of conceyt is quite ;
While other *beares* away *y^e bell*,
By hitting of the white.

— 25, — 1. I am strongly inclined to conjecture that this poem is an allegory designed by some disappointed courtier in the reign of James the First, and not improbably by Sir Walter Raleigh, during the incarceration which, notwithstanding his gallant services, was imposed upon him by the worthless successor of Elizabeth. If this supposition should appear in any degree correct, it will not be lessened by the internal evidence of the poem itself, which, whilst it contains numerous allusions to Sir Walter's history, is not unworthy the talents of that great and heroic ornament of his age. The difficulty of conveying a concealed sense makes it somewhat obscure; but the thoughts are those of a strong mind and forceful expression, not at all inapplicable to the character of him whom I am willing to believe the author. The King of Bees may well be supposed to designate James, who was usually termed, however unworthily, the British Solomon; and the application to the insect of wisdom is so strong, as to render the supposition very probable. The allusions to Tobacco, of which herb Raleigh is generally considered as the discoverer, are remarkable; and in the last stanza,

Five yeares twise tould, wth promises perfumed,
My hope-stuff head was cast into a slumber,

may be considered as applying to the date of his imprisonment, in like manner as the succeeding line,

Sweete dreames of gould on dreames I then perfumed,

may refer to the expectations of a rich discovery across the Atlantic, by

the hopes of which he obtained, from the cupidity of James, his temporary release from confinement.

The Caterpilowes of the tenth stanza, it is likely, are intended for those who, in the preceding reign, having been his inferiors in rank and station, had, under James, superseded him in both, and in the good graces of the monarch.

It may be observed that the late edition of the poems of this ill-fated cavalier is incomplete, inasmuch as it takes no notice of two commendatory pieces before Lithgow's *Pilgrim's farewell*, Edinburgh 1618, signed *Ignoto* and *W. R.*; nor of a poem, which is certainly by him, prefixed to Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, 1614. The reason, however, of this last being omitted, is perfectly well understood.

Page 25, line 1. *sillie Bees.*] This epithet is inaptly applied to so industrious an insect; but Owen Roydon, in Proctor's *Gorgeous Gallery*, has 'the seelly bees,' which Mr. Park explicates, *silly*.

———— 27. *Whilst on y^e Eglantine y^e rest repose.*] In the *Paradise of dayntie devises*, the following line occurs, page 53:

The *Eglantine* for pleasure oft is pricked upon the poste.

———— 26, — 19. *I canot feede on fenell.*] This plant has a bad character in two early poetical collections, viz. Robinson's *Pleasant delites*:
Fenel is for flatterers, an *evil thing* it is sure.

Paradise of dayntie devises:

The *Fenell* to, that is more fitt, for some unfrendly gest.

———— 28, — 17. *I bite the bate, & swallow downe the hooke:*

I rashly run, & leape before I looke.] A writer in the *Handefull of pleasant delites*, by Clement Robinson, gives this caution:

Flie baites, shun hookes;

Be thou not snarde with lovely lookes.

————
First look, then leap,

In suretie so your skinner you keepe.

———— 30, — 13. "*Rosa Lilium.*"] There is a pretty poem, the idea of which is the inverse of this, in Crompton's *Pierides, or the Muses Mount*, 1658.

Page 33, line 3. *Turne backe to Cocitus, & to those Ices deepe.*] In Skelton's *Pithy, pleasaunt, and profitable workes*, 1568, 8vo:

By the stygiall flode, And the streames wode,
Of *Cocytus* botomlesse well.

— 35, — 26. A word wanting in the original *MS*.

— 37; ——— *Verses of a double sence.*] The way in which these must be read, will be obvious from the marks which separate the concealed sence.

————— 24. *Sr Burdeaux Claret & Seigneour Canary.*] In the *Loyal Garland*, 1686, sig. F 1, is a humourous little piece, called *Canarys Coronation*, in which the wines here mentioned, are similarly personified.

Who shall be King? how comes the thing
For the which we all are met?
Claret is a Prince that hath long since
In the Royal Order set.

Let us never think of a noble drink,
But with notes advance on high:
Lets proclaim good Canarys name,
Heaven bless his Majesty.

Four pages further on, they are laughably applied to a description of beauty:

For her lips are two brimmers of Claret,
And her eyes are two cups of Canary.

We gather from the frequent and numberless allusions to these wines, in the writings of our old poets, that they were the favourite drink of our forefathers. Canary, under the denomination of Sack, was almost universally drank in the time of Shakspeare, as his commentators have satisfactorily ascertained.

— 38, — 20. A word, not decypherable in the original *MS*.

— 41, — 3. *A Christmas Carol.*] As far as the editor may be permitted to judge of the composition of this curious old poem, he understands it to be written in the character of Jesus Christ addressing a repenting Sinner. The archaisms will be explained in the Glossary at the close of the volume.

Page 50, line 19. *When Atropose doth shake his darts.*] In Proctor's *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, page 54 :

I hate this lothsome life ;

O Atropos ! draw nie :

Upon which Mr. Park has this note : " Mr. Steevens thought that Pistol might allude to this passage in the second part of Henry IV. where he calls upon Atropos, in drawing his sword : but there are passages in several other poems to which he might as appositely be conjectured to allude, and one particularly in the *Mirror for Magistrates* :

What may boote to stay the sisters three,

When Atropos perforce will cut the thread ?

The dolefull day was come &c.

Compl. of the Duke of Buckingham."

With submission to Mr. Park, there is no such appositeness of allusion in the passage which he has extracted. 'Pistol calls upon Atropos, in drawing his sword,' and the writer in Proctor's *Miscellany* also calls upon Atropos ; and so far, as Mr. Steevens justly remarked, there is a striking similarity ; but in the *Mirroure*, Atropos is *not* invoked ; and the only resemblance to be discovered is, that the word Atropos is in Mr. Park's quotation, and also in Pistol's exclamation. The several other instances I suspect to be the following, none of which are at all parallel to Shakspeare, as Mr. Park would intimate :

Wishing full ofte the Parcas had untwined

My vitall strings, or Atropose with knife.

Mirroure for Mag. ed. 1610, p. 325.

I see with knife where Atropos doth stand.

Ib. p. 15.

Whose name shall flourish still, though Atropos with spite,

In running from her devilish den, bereave us of this light.

Proctor's Gorg. Gall. p. 105.

For this my breath, by fatal death,

Shall weave Atropos thread.

Robinson's Pleasant Delites, p. 44.

By the way, it may be observed upon a passage in Mr. Park's preface, where he says, "Of Thomas Proctor I do not trace any biographical

notice, nor do I recollect to have seen his name elsewhere," that Herbert has registered "*A worthy work, profitable to this whole kingdom. Concerning the mending of all high wayes; as also, for waters and iron works. By THOMAS PROCTOR esquier, and are to be sold at his house on Lambard hill, near old Fish street,*" quarto, without date, printed by Edward Allde. Mr. Park has omitted to notice that he wrote commendatory verses before Anthony Munday's *Mirror of Mutabilitie*, 1597, and also *Newes from the North*, 1579. Ritson thought that the initials T. P. affixed to a work "*Of the knowledge and conduct of warres,*" printed by Tottell in the same year with the *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, referred to this Proctor; but that accurate antiquary must have been mistaken in the other work he mentions, which ought rather to be given to Paulfreyman.

Page 51, line 21. Johnny Cock.] This ballad is taken from a modern quarto manuscript purchased at Glasgow of Messrs. Smith & Son, in the year 1810, and containing several others, but written so corruptly as to be of little or no authority; appearing to be the text-book of some illiterate drummer, from its comprising the music of several regimental marches. It is only given in consequence of Ritson's mention of it, and in the hope of contributing to the recovery of a more ancient and correct copy.

— 52, — 1. *His coat it is of the light Lincum green.*] Skelton describes Elinour Rumming as having

Her huke of *Lyncole grene*.

Ritson has chastized the ignorance of some critic, who insisted that the Scotch corruption Lyncum did not refer to the town of Lincoln, which never was famous for its cloths as he asserted; but was an obsolete synonyme with *bright*.

— 59, — 16. *To follow old Lilly,*
Let his Ne assuescas

Be put in his Cap-case.] This must allude to Lilly

the astrologer, whose life and character is well known from the singular memoirs, conjointly published, of himself and Ashmole.

Page 62, line 1. Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, in his *Excerpta Tudoriana*, has selected a translation of this celebrated ode of Anacreon by Stanley, and one of older date; but the four ensuing lines seem to me preferably written to either of them, and indeed to any other version which I have seen:

I led him to the fire, and then
I dry'd and chafed his hands with mine:
I gently pressed his tresses curls,
Which new fall'n rain had hung with Pearls.

————— 4. *great Charles's wain.*] It is unquestionable, from Ritson's note in the *variorum* Shakspeare, that this appellation is a corruption of *churl* or *countryman's wain*; and therefore the epithet of *great* is improperly prefixed. I suspect it to be foisted in by the compiler of the collection from which I have selected the poem, in order that it might be attached to Charles the First, as the measure is quite complete without it.

————— 68, — 19. *Of Gawen and syr Guy.*] A Scottish metrical romance, singularly curious, printed in Pinkerton's *Ancient Scottish Poems*.

————— 90. *And tel can a great peccer
Of the golden fleets.*] *A Boke of the Hoolle Lyf of Jason*, printed by Caxton, without date, and translated from the French of Raoul Le Fevre.

————— 23. *of Arturs round table.*] *A Book of the Noble histories of Kyng Arthur and of certeyn of his knyghtes.* Caxton, 1485. This romance is about to appear, in a new edition, edited by Mr. Goldsmid.

————— 25. *dame Gaynour his Quene,
was somewhat wanton I wene.*] The character of Guenever is elsewhere represented in the same manner. Holinshed says "she was evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to her husband."

————— 27. *How syr Launcelote de Lake
Many a speare brake
For hys Ladyes sake.*] See Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, i. 201.

Page 68, line 30. *Of Tristrom, and kyng Marke.*] Mr. Scott, in the Introduction and Notes to *Sir Tristrem*, by Thomas of Erceldoune, has exhausted the literature of this romance.

— 69, — 1. *Of bele I sold his wife.*] One scarcely recognizes in this uncouth appellation the fair Ysande, the paramour of Sir Tristrem.

— 7. *And of sir Libius,*
Named Disconius. This romance is preserved in Ritson's valuable collection.

— 9. *Of quarterfylz Armitid.*] The four sons of Aymon.

— 20. *And of Cesar Julius.*] Les *Croniques de Jule Cesar*. A very fine manuscript of the 15th century, of a Romance founded upon the History of Julius Cesar, with miniatures and illuminations, 2 vols. in the original binding, green velvet, 1212. 12a. It came from the collection of *Claude d'Uffz*, and formerly belonged to the Royal Library of France." Edwards' Catalogue for 1794, No. 4368.

— 22. *Paris and viene.*] *The history of the noble and ryght valyunt and worthy knyght Paris and of the fayr viene.* Caxton, 1495.

— 70, — 6. *Panderberg the byle.*] f. Totton, in Robinson's *Handefull of Pleasant Deuities*, alludes to Troilus receiving

help of his friend Panderus;

whose name has at length become proverbial in our language for one who administers to unlawful passion.

— 71, — 14. *Though I remembre the fable*

of Penelope most stable.] An anonymous poet in Robinson's *Miscellany*, under the character of 'a constant lover,' declares

And for my part I vow
to serve for tēme of life:

Which promise may compare with her,
which was Uliesses wife.

And in Proctor's *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, page 105.

Here wise Uliesses wyfe, whose chaastnesse brued her fame,
Should matched bee.

These passages are adduced, as marking the fondness of allusion to Penelope's story.

Page 72, line 1. *Of kyng Alexander,
And of kyng Euander,
And of Porcena the greute.*] Vide Weber's Col-
lection of *Romances*, vol. i. p. 1, and iii. p. 281.

25. Gowers englyshe is olde.

In Chauser I am sped.

Also Jhon Lydgate.] Skelton, in his *Crowne of
Lawrell* also, expresses his admiration of this poetical trinity:

And as I thus sadly among them adaysed,
I saw Gower yt first garnished our Englishe rude;
And maister Chauceer that nobly entreprised
How yt our englishe myght freschely be enowed;
The monke of Bury than after them ensued,
Dane John Lydgate: these englishe poetes thre
As I ymagined repayred vnto me.

Together in armes as brotherne embrased,
Their apparell farre passing beyond yt I can tell;
wt diamātes, & rubies their taberdes were trased,
None so richie stones in Turkey to sell;
They wanted nothyng but the Laurell;
And of their bōunte they made me goddly chere
In maner and forme as ye shall after here.

This 'maner and forme' consist of gratulatory notices of Skelton, by each of the three, with his separate acknowledgements, and close by their pointing him out 'to be protonotory of Fames courte.'

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES.

Page 5.

*An one ey'd boy borne of a halfe blinde mother,
Unmatched in beauty sounge, each to other;
Sende her thy eye, faire boy, & she shall prove
The queene of beauty, thou the God of Love.*

This is paraphrased from an admirable little epigram, written on the occasion of Lois de Maguiron, who was the handsomest man of his age, and the favourite of Henry III. of France, having the misfortune to lose his eye at the siege of Issoire; and upon the Princess of Eboli, the mistress to Philip II. of Spain, an eminently beautiful woman, but who also was blind in one eye.

Lumine, Acron, dextro, capta est; Lenilla sinistro

Et potes est forma vincere uterque Deos.

Blande puer! lumen quod habes concede sorori

Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

Another version, but with inferior readings, is in a rare little miscellany, *Wits Recreations, selected from the finest Fancies of the Moderne Muses*, 1640. The information contained in this note is gathered from an article in *The Globe London Paper* for August 31, 1814.

Page 41.

By an additional and rigorous scrutiny into the MS. of this Carol, the following errors of transcription have been discovered. They will readily be overlooked by those who are at all acquainted with the difficulty of decyphering obscure and obsolete characters.

- Stanza 1, line 2. t'sciall. The correctness of this is doubtful; Although the editor does not know with what word to supply its place.
- | | | | | | |
|-------------|----|----------------------|-----------|----------------------|-----------------------------|
| _____ | 4. | Gyty ^e , | should be | Sytp ^e . | See Glossary. |
| _____ | | faderse, | read | faderis. | |
| _____ 2, — | 2. | feete, | _____ | foote. | |
| _____ | 4. | dret, | _____ | drot. | |
| _____ 3, — | 4. | broth ^r , | _____ | bropt ^r . | |
| _____ | 7. | wepeful, | _____ | were ful. | |
| _____ 8, — | 5. | He, | _____ | Ho. | |
| _____ 9, — | 2. | fedde, | _____ | fodde, | which has the same meaning. |
| _____ | 3. | redly, | _____ | nedly, | i. e. from necessity. |
| _____ 10, — | 3. | one, | _____ | ons, | i. e. once. |

END OF THE NOTES.

Glossary.

- ABUSION**, p. 70. 'in abusion,' *into abuse.*
- Alow**, p. 53. 'braid alow,' *broad [or plain] below.*
- Anoy**, p. 46. *annoyance.*
- Apon**, p. 44. *upon.*
- Appealeth**, p. 9. *appalleth.*
- A prosses**, p. 71.
- Atomies**, p. 25. *atoms: see note by Steevens, in Shakspeare, xx. 55, upon a line in Romeo and Juliet,*
Drawn with a team of little atomies.
- Bans**, p. 51. *collars.*
- Barke**, p. 73. *complain.*
- Boure**, p. 44. *chamber, habitation.*
To big his boure in winter-tyde.
Laurence Minot's Poems, p. 35.
- Bougets**, p. 72. *from the Fr. bougette; budget or pouch, v. Cotgrave.*
- Bouseth**, p. 39. *swilleth: v. Cotgrave, art. boire.*
- Bows**, p. 55. *house.*
- Braid**, p. 53. *v. alow.*
- Bree**, p. 52. *eyebrow.*
- Breiks**, p. 52. *breeches.*
- Burse**, p. 23. *Fr. bourse, a purse.*
- Bush of scrogs**, p. 52. *bush of thorns: v. Jamieson.*
- By fore**, p. 44. *before.*
Ne a hundreth zero biforn. *Minot, p. 12.*
- Byls**, p. 70. *billets, or letters.*

Condon, p. 23. *knowing.*

Conster, p. 11. *construe.*

Custan, p. 53. *cast from him.*

Daye, p. 43. *die.*

Dort ned, p. 44. *Qu. through need, or necessity.*

The lady rod dorth Cardevyle.

Ritson's Romances, i. 214.

Drede, p. 44. *to be dreaded, or doubted.*

Dret, p. 42. *Qu. dreit, endured.*

Duell, p. 44. *dwelling. .*

Dure, p. 71. *last.*

Emprowed, p. 73. *profited of.*

Erawde, p. 42. *Herod.*

Fleiste, p. 43. *fiest.*

Gyty^e, p. 41. *an error in transcription for Syt^e, since.*

Ham, p. 42. *them.*

Hawe, p. 44. *have.*

Heare, p. 70. *hair.*

Ho, p. 43. *who.*

Hopes, p. 28. *hops.*

Hystoryous, p. 72. *historical.*

Isted, p. 43. *'i sted,' in place.*

In wele & yn wo, p. 44. *In well-being and in sorrow.*

Kisse the post, p. 71.

Lathes, p. 27.

Lygtly, p. 43. *Qu. quickly.*

Early in the mornyng the justice vprose,

To the gates first gan he gon,

And commaundede to be shut full cloce

Lightile everychone.

*Adam Bel, Clym of the Cloughe, and Wyllyam
of Cloudele. Ritson, p. 11.*

Make, p. 71. husband, v. Chaucer.

Male, p. 70. Qu. messenger.

Males, p. 72. portmanteaus.

*The kyng dude of his robe, furred with meneuere,
And dooth on a borel of a squyer,
And a lighth tabard, als I fynde,
And trusseth a male hym bihynde.*

Kyng Alisaunder, in *Weber's Met. Rom.* i. 227.

Mastery, p. 43. force, power.

Mated, p. 25. confounded, dejected.

Meede, pp. 10, 42. reward.

Nagt, p. 44. not.

Ne knew, p. 71. did not know,

Nim, p. 31. to catch, from the Dutch, nimmén.

Nold, p. 42. would not.

Ocupie, p. 24. v. Shakspeare, var. edit. xii. 88.

On, p. 43. one.

On liue, p. 71. alive.

*Y thanke hyt god, for so y may,
That euyr y skapyd on lyve away.*

How a Merchande dyd hys Wyfe betray. *Ritson.*

Ouche, p. 70. 'An ouche,' a nouche, an ornament for the dress of a female.

*He boght hur bedys, brochys and ryngys,
Nowchys of golde.*

How a Merchande dyd hys Wyfe betray.

The passage in which this word occurs is wrongly punctuated, so that the sense is altered. It should be read thus:

*An ouche or els a ryng;
From her to him agayn
Somtime a prety chain,
Or a bratelet of her heare,*

Oure, p. 44. hour.

Payins, p. 42. 'into payins gete,' Qu. into the hands of Pagans.

Payne, p. 69. labour.

Plase, p. 43. *palace, so used by Spenser.*

Plete, p. 42. 'reuful plete,' *pitiful [plight or] condition.*

Pore, p. 43. *power.*

Praices, p. 26. 'My apitite waights on my praices eyes,' *Qu. my appetite waits on my precious [i. e. over nice] eyes, v. Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, in which occur two instances of precious, used in this sense.*

Rep've, p. 43. *reproof.*

Rode, p. 42. *cross.*

All she thought was lost, by the rode.

The Frere and the Boye, ap. Ritson, p. 37.

Rounes, p. 50. *runs.*

Rowght, p. 54. *reached, attained, v. Jamieson, artic. Roucht.*

Ryef, p. 51. *plentiful.*

Rythwyseness, p. 44. *righteousness.*

If he be rightwis king, thai sall

Maintene him both night and day.

Minot, p. 30.

Sawe, p. 43. *save.*

Scathe, p. 68. *harm.*

Scho, p. 44. *she.*

Seche, p. 42. *beseech.*

Sith, p. 39. *since.*

Spede, p. 44. *go on.*

Spullers, p. 26. *spoilers.*

Strinkled, p. 52. *sprinkled, v. Jamieson.*

Sunkelike, p. 18. *Sun-like.*

Syllyng, p. 42. *selling.*

Tene, p. 43. *grief, sorrow, affliction.*

Teene, p. 71. *v. Tene.*

Thogff, p. 44. *though.*

Trest, p. 44. *trust.*

In John of France es all his trest.

Minot, p. 32.

Trone, p. 42. *throne.*

Trew king, that sittes in trone.

Minot, p. 1.

T'sciall, p. 41.

To haut, p. 73. *too high.*

Tow, p. 13. *two.*

Tyed, p. 14. Qu. *time [to rest], as in Minot, p. 2.*

*A pere of prise es more sum tyde
Than al the boste of Normondye.*

Vilde, p. 3. *vile.*

Wake, p. 69. *awaken.*

Wan, p. 52. *dark-coloured, v. Jamieson.*

Warden, p. 35.

Ware, p. 24. *purchase.*

Have here thy peny, y haue my ware.

How a Merchande dyd hys Wyfe betray, p. 72.

Warke, pp. 68, 73. *work.*

Wedsons, p. 54. 'proudest wed sons,' Qu. *proudest appareled.*

*The erle of Norhamton helpid at that nede,
Als wise man of wordes, and worthli in wede. Minot, p. 19.*

Wende, p. 40. *go.*

Wene, p. 68. *think, suppose.*

Wode, p. 42. *mad.*

They wende he had ben wode.

The Frere and the Boye.

Wolle euylla payde, p. 43. *r. wolle euyll apayde, will be badly satisfied.*

Wonds, p. 42. *wounds.*

Worne, p. 44.

Wote well, p. 44. *knew well.*

Wotefull well, p. 44. *knew full well.*

Worpppyd, p. 42. Qu. *wrapped, explained by Weber, Glossary to Met.
Rom. smote.*

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